

The Nation

VOL. X., No. 11.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1911.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 4d. Abroad, 1d.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DIARY OF THE WEEK ...	459	The Railway Settlement and Casual Labor. By Frederic Hillersdon ...	479
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		"The Village Laborer." By the Rev. B. L. Gales... ..	479
The New India ...	462	Eugenics and Politics. By Alfred S. Reeve and Dr. C. W. Saleeby ...	479
The Decline of Parliamentary Power ...	463	The People and the Censorship. By H. Granville Barker ...	480
The Raising of the Railway Rates ...	465	The Reform of Marriage Laws. By L. Shotensack ...	480
The Punishment of Bad Taste ...	466	POETRY:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Indian Love (from the Sanskrit). By Douglas Ainale ...	480
"Heaven on Earth" ...	467	THE WORLD OF BOOKS... ..	481
The Unchanging Public School ...	468	REVIEWS:—	
A Peak in the Caribbean ...	469	Lionel Johnson. By H. W. N. ...	482
Cakes and Ale ...	470	An Irish Leader ...	484
SHORT STUDIES:—		A Classic Historian ...	486
Fairy Tales. By Maxim Gorky. Translated by Alexander Sirnis ...	472	Swamp and Highland ...	486
THE DRAMA:—		Science for Young and Old ...	488
The Stage and the Novel. By H. W. M. ...	474	Two Good Novels ...	492
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
What Would Happen in War? By City Solicitor, Arthur Kitson, and Pax ...	475	The Cathedrals of Central Italy ...	492
The Woman as Voter. By Norman M. Keown ...	477	In the March and Borderland of Wales ...	494
The Tactics of the W. S. P. U. By Mrs. Swanwick and Dorothea Hollins ...	478	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	494
Maternity Allowances. By the Hon. Lady Katharine Parsons ...	479		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE most notable Durbar in Indian history was held at Delhi on Tuesday. The accounts vie in the purple words with which they describe the splendor of the scene—the gold and silver carriages of the princes, the robes and uniforms and jewelry which flashed their commentary on Indian poverty and Imperial display. The attitude of the masses was cordial and loyal, and the King-Emperor performed his functions royally. But all the parade was eclipsed by the announcements which the King made in person on the advice of his Ministers. The capital of the Empire will be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi. The partition of Bengal will be reversed, and the whole of the genuine Bengali region, with its population of forty-two millions, erected into a Presidency to be administered by a Governor in Council. The Eastern districts, Behar, Chota Nagpur, and Orissa, which are largely Hindu, but not Bengali by race or language, become a Lieutenant Governorship-in-Council with a capital at Patna and a Legislative Council, while Assam returns to the more autocratic rule of a Chief Commissioner. There are many benefactions, including an amnesty, which will cover 200 political prisoners, while Indian soldiers are made eligible for the Victoria Cross. One of the chief of Mr. Gokhale's projects is realised by the promise of half-a-million now to establish a scheme of primary education and to

train teachers, with the prospect of an early increase, which will reach, we understand, some six millions, and aims eventually at a general and compulsory system.

* * *

THESE momentous changes are argued in a lucid and able despatch over the signatures of Lord Hardinge and his Council. Several good reasons are given for the transfer of the capital—the relatively central position of Delhi, its historic associations, its more temperate climate, allowing a longer winter season than Calcutta, its nearness to Simla, and the desirability of dissociating the Imperial centre from the provincial influences which prevail at Calcutta. Delhi will become an Imperial territory, like Ottawa and Washington, and a new city will arise at a cost of some four millions on the site bought with great prescience for the Durbar. But the real reason for the change is that it provides a natural occasion for undoing the partition of Bengal. The most interesting passage of this historic despatch is a paragraph which lays down a programme for the future development of Indian Home Rule on the lines of provincial devolution. The "ultimate supremacy" of the Viceroy's Council, with its official majority, will be retained. But "in course of time the just demands of Indians for a larger share in the government of the country will have to be satisfied." This "devolution of power" will be achieved "gradually," "until at last India would consist of a number of administrations, autonomous in all provincial affairs," with which the Government of India will interfere only "in cases of misgovernment."

* * *

THIS great news has, on the whole, been received with acclamation. The ingenuity and boldness of the solution have delighted Indian and Anglo-Indian reformers. The Bengali Press is enthusiastic, and so, it is said, are the ruling chiefs. It is, in fact, a triumph for the wise policy of Mr. Gokhale. Anglo-Indians, especially in Calcutta, are naturally displeased, and there is said to be already a "slump" in land and house property. Though the "Times" is, on the whole, pleased, Conservatives are clearly ill at ease. Mr. Bonar Law reserved his comment, and so did Lord Lansdowne, though he contrived to indicate his doubts of this "great, sudden, and violent change of policy." A full debate is promised when the King returns. Lord MacDonnell briefly expressed his warm approbation, and was followed by Lord Curzon, flushed, heated, and barely articulate in his displeasure at the reversal of the partition of Bengal. He "would not trust himself" to say what he really felt. "Abrupt" though the changes are, however, they are undoubtedly final.

* * *

THE resumed debate on foreign affairs on Thursday turned mainly on the Persian question and on the secrecy of our diplomacy. It produced one or two notable speeches—such as that of Sir Henry Norman, an excellent exposition of average Liberal opinion, of Baron de Forest, and of Mr. Herbert—and the tone was throughout one of almost unqualified and universal displeasure. Sir Edward Grey's speech on Persia was the most unsatis-

factory which he has yet delivered. He began by asking the House in effect not to consider the question merely on its merits. If it were rashly handled "larger issues of policy might obscure it altogether." This means, we take it, that it is a detail in the general struggle to keep certain Powers outside the orbit of German diplomacy.

* * *

SIR EDWARD admitted that the Convention recognises Persian independence, denied any positive obligation to protect it, and went on to argue that "her independence was not that sort of independence which could do without leaning upon someone." (If she does not naturally lean in the right direction, we must therefore push her or allow her to be pushed.) He wholly ignored the criticism so powerfully made by Lord Curzon, that we have abandoned a *protégé* who had sought our advice and acted on it. With the Russian demands he entirely concurred, excepting only in the matter of an indemnity. To endorse demands is one thing, to allow them to be enforced by invasion is quite another. Sir Edward Grey's view is that Mr. Shuster acted foolishly in appointing British officials. He passes without argument from this premise to the non-sequitur that Mr. Shuster, having cancelled these appointments, should be dismissed, and further, that his dismissal should be procured by force of arms.

* * *

STILL worse was Sir Edward Grey's acceptance of the Russian claim for a Russo-British veto on the appointment of foreign administrators by Persia. He seems to claim that Persian independence is intact, because "the demand does not touch the appointment of Persian officials." But the foreigners nominated by Russia and Britain will appoint Persians. The only consolations to be derived from his speech are (1) that we shall not recognise the ex-Shah if he slips on to the throne behind the Russians; (2) that we ask Russia not to insist on a loan; and (3) that the Russian occupation will, as usual, be "temporary." Unfortunately, we were assured that the occupation of Tabriz would also be temporary, and it still continues. But the most ominous part of his speech was the announcement that the two Powers after the present crisis was over will pursue "a constructive policy" which will "aim at putting the Persian house in order." In other words, the military interference is only a prelude to some extensive political interference, which will include, if foreign circles at Teheran are well informed, the suppression of the Mejliss and the installation of some administration wholly subservient to Anglo-Russian pressure. On Germany Sir Edward's tone was slightly warmer, but all papers were refused, and an almost unanimous Parliamentary opinion in favor of less secrecy was again flouted.

* * *

THE invading army from Russia continues to concentrate at Kazvin, midway on the road to the capital. In Teheran the dramatic interest of the crisis turns on the stubborn refusal of the Parliament to sanction the dismissal of Mr. Shuster at Russian dictation. The Cabinet is prepared to yield to force, but cannot, by the terms of Mr. Shuster's contract, act without the assent of the Mejliss. The news which reaches this country regarding Russian intentions is meant to prepare us for a destruction of the Mejliss by Russia, if her troops do eventually advance on Teheran. The ex-Shah, meanwhile, is gathering his forces in the wake of the Russian armies, and hopes to be allowed to seize the

throne. An influential meeting, summoned at the instance of Lancashire traders, has been held at Manchester by the Chamber of Commerce. It protested unanimously against Russian action, and called on Sir Edward Grey to secure the honorable observance of the Convention of 1907.

* * *

THE House of Lords has decided to pass the Insurance Bill. Lord Lansdowne, in announcing this decision on Monday, disclaimed "anything like hostility" to its principle, and hinted that, if the Government could not pass it, a Conservative Government would have to take it up. Having argued that the Bill was too good to be killed, he proceeded to show that it was too bad to live. He believed that pensions and insurance would work out at a final cost of £40,000,000 a year. He had received protests against the Bill from all classes—capitalists, agriculturists, friendly societies, doctors, clerks, and trade unions. The masters feared that its burden was so heavy that it would add seriously to the cost of production and handicap our export trade, while the men thought its provision far too niggardly. The powers of the Commissioners were excessive, a new army of officials would be created, and the Bill had been rushed through the Commons. The Lords would be within their full rights in rejecting it four times in two years, but delay might bring no material improvement, and as the measure "spelt money at every clause," the Lords would be met at every turn by a claim of privilege. He rejected the referendum on the ground that no machinery for it existed or could easily be improvised. On this speech the second reading was carried without a division, and a smooth passage was given on Thursday to the Committee stage, the Prime Minister merely suggesting, with obvious truth, that the House of Lords has been treated with contempt, and showing an academic interest in the lot of curates.

* * *

THE House of Lords has made amends to its party for the passage of the Insurance Bill by destroying the Naval Prize Bill, and thus making it impossible for the Government to ratify the Declaration of London. This, as the Lord Chancellor said, is a humiliation for the country rather than for the Ministry. We cannot now carry out our pledge to join in setting up an International Court, and to give effect to a scheme of international law which we ourselves asked the Powers to frame and pass. This action is less excusable inasmuch as Lord Beauchamp, in moving the second reading of the Bill, promised that before issuing an Order in Council the Government would satisfy itself that the other signatory Powers assigned the same meaning to the words "base of supply" and "fortified place" as the Government attached to them. This disposes of the substance of the complaint as to the interception of our food supply in war—only ten per cent. of which is, in any case, carried in neutral bottoms. However, the Lords threw out the Bill by 145 to 53 on the ground that they were not destroying but only delaying it.

* * *

THE Budget passed through all its stages in the Commons this week, and was read a third time on Wednesday. Mr. Austen Chamberlain made a rather belated attack on Liberal extravagance, charging the Government with breaking every canon of Gladstonian finance, with burking Parliamentary criticism, and with throwing retrenchment overboard. Mr. Snowden, from an opposite point of view, complained that the increase in the cost of social reform only just balanced the new

naval expenditure, said that the House still raised £69,500,000 by indirect taxation out of £152,000,000, asked the Chancellor to sweep away £10,000,000 of food taxes, and, in view of the fact that the rich were becoming "shamefully and dangerously richer" every day, to spoil the hen-roosts at the top before touching those at the bottom.

* * *

THE Chancellor, answering Mr. Pretymann's criticism of his land taxes, showed that their small yield was due to concessions to the Tories, and said, grimly, if they asked for simplification they would get it, and with it much heavier imposts. The work of land valuation had been far from fruitless, for it had already added nearly half-a-million a year to the estate duties. By this means the valuation of one estate had been increased from £73,926 to £175,000. As for economy, by the end of the financial year the Government would have reduced the dead-weight debt of the country by £80,000,000, a record in this kind of saving. But he admitted that the problem of national expenditure must be faced, and that it was the business of the House to examine and reduce it, and to see to it that national policy did not make high estimates inevitable. To this it may be answered that it is the Government which is responsible for national policy, and that in the foreign sphere it has taken every possible means of keeping all knowledge of it from the House of Commons, and therefore all power of criticism and check.

* * *

ON Thursday, the Prime Minister received a deputation of the National League for Opposing Woman's Suffrage, introduced by Lord Curzon. His reply reaffirmed his personal belief that the grant of the suffrage would be "a political mistake of a very disastrous kind." But as a majority of his colleagues differed from him, it was the "duty of all" loyally to abide by the resulting policy. At the same time, speaking "as one who desired to see the change prevented," he based his hopes on the fact that the Parliament Bill gave a chance for hostile opinion to rally. He said, satirically, that he must take time to consider the invitation to "enter the arena into which some of his colleagues had already descended," and lead the opposition in the country. So that it would seem that we have reverted to the era of "unsettled convictions" in Cabinets. The Prime Minister opposes an agitation which his Chief Lieutenant is leading, and even hopes that the House of Lords will make it abortive. But if it succeeds, he has also bound himself to give it the effect of law and to use the party machinery for that purpose. We suppose it is the only way to carry woman suffrage, but it is hard on the Prime Minister to call on him to make a Jekyll and Hyde division of himself between the two sides of the controversy.

* * *

THE Railway Directors and their employees have come to a settlement, which has been accepted by all the companies and by the four executives of the railwaymen's unions. The leading points are as follows:—

"1. Both parties adopt the report of the Commissioners as the general basis of their future relations.

"2. Casual workers are to have at least the minimum pay which the regular servants receive for the same kind of work.

"3. Questions raised by the men are to be discussed first between the companies and their employees before they come to the Conciliation Board, when the Union

official may appear as the men's advocate. But changes proposed by the companies will go straight to the Conciliation Board, so that the men can have trade union advice from the opening of the controversy.

"4. Each company will settle for itself with its men the percentage of workers in any grade necessary to make a petition for better wages effective.

"5. The procedure for the hearing and settlement of grievances is to be speeded up."

Meanwhile the companies are proposing to raise the rates on excursions, week-end, and season tickets, so as to meet the coming increases of wages. We discuss this important matter elsewhere.

* * *

THE Princess Royal and her family had a narrow escape from drowning on Wednesday, when the liner "Delhi" was stranded off the coast of Tangier in a gale. The royal party and all the passengers escaped, the rescue being brilliantly aided by the French sailors of the battleship, "Friant," who lost four men in one of the most gallant rescues at sea ever recorded. They were thanked by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons.

* * *

MR. SELBY-BIGGE has been appointed to Sir Robert Morant's place at the Education Department. Mr. Selby-Bigge is a competent official, who may be trusted to avoid the methods of treating his fellow-servants which aroused such wide and just indignation against his predecessor. But we doubt whether his appointment will satisfy either the teachers or the real needs of the service. The new Permanent Secretary represents in the main the traditions and feelings about education which inspired the Holmes Circular. But it is against those traditions and feelings that the men and women who have to work the Education Acts are in revolt. In this respect there is no vital or important change.

* * *

SIR JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER died on Monday at the age of 96. He was one of the four men who by their large view of the relationships of the various branches of natural science revolutionised thought in the middle of last century. The young Glasgow graduate who accompanied Sir James Clark Ross to the Antarctic in 1839 to study botany saw in the island distribution of plants, evidence of past geological changes. His letter conveying the discovery to Darwin was the beginning of the correspondence which has been described as the best history of the growth of the doctrine of the Origin of Species. In New Zealand, the Himalayas, Palestine, Morocco, the Rocky Mountains, and other parts of the globe, Hooker conducted his observations in geographical botany, often penetrating where no white man had been before. He produced, in the words of Humboldt, "a perfect treasure of important observation," always marked by "great sagacity and moderation." It was at the instance of Hooker and Lyell that Darwin and Wallace were induced to publish the first sketch of the theory of the Origin of Species before the Linnæan Society in 1858, and it was the approval of Lyell and Hooker that, in the words of the latter, "overawed the Fellows, who would otherwise have flown out against" the new doctrine. Sir Joseph Hooker succeeded his father as Director of Kew Gardens in 1865, and held the position with world-wide distinction for twenty years. He received in 1907 the Order of Merit, the most closely guarded of our distinctions, and only held now by nineteen of his countrymen.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW INDIA.

THE name of Delhi is itself a romantic inspiration, and, for the second time in the history of our Indian Empire, the city of the Moghuls serves as the stage for an imaginative act of statesmanship. Disraeli, with his sure instinct for display, used it to dignify his proclamation of the Queen-Empress. Forty years later it has seen, under her grandson, a pageant illuminated by reason, which will live in history as the first Indian feast of "liberty and Empire." Lord Morley's reforms were conceived in the sober and practical spirit of Liberal statesmanship. They gave what it was wise to concede. They marked an advance at a moment when the shout of revolt and the cry for repression would have intimidated a feeble Minister into giving nothing or giving less. They were valuable, not merely for what they were, but also because they promised, to any mind which can discern the trend of a nation's progress, a future still more generous. But one thing they lacked. They were inevitably a system of checks and safeguards and compromises, a mass of details which called for various criticisms and divergent estimates. To complete them there was wanting some dramatic act which should mark for the least political of Indian minds the auspicious opening of a new epoch. It has been reserved for Lord Morley's successor to complete his work with a gesture of promise and appeasement. The moment has been chosen with brilliant stage-craft, and the person of the King has been employed, yet with no sacrifice of constitutional forms, to give it splendor and distinction. The many gains which will flow from the choice of Delhi as a capital have been ably enumerated in the official despatches. We do not undervalue its advantages as a better geographical centre which boasts a more temperate climate. It is well that the administration of a great and composite Empire should be separated from the influences that dominate the politics of any one of its larger provinces. But the real gain from the change comes partly from the adroit and tactful inspiration which makes the removal of the capital an occasion for undoing the partition of Bengal, and even more from the bold avowal that it is intended to prepare the elevation of the greater provinces into self-governing units under a full representative system. The change, with these explanations and this accompaniment, brings a great hope for the future with immediate conciliation. Calcutta, with all its picturesque traditions, was the capital of the traders and the conquerors. It was reminiscent of the early days of factories and forts. It was the creation of the East India Company, and its atmosphere was heavy with memories of the City and the trading-fleets, of Directors and the tribute. It was the sea-port home of the English in India. In Delhi the Empire returns to its Indian memories, and the work which English statesmen will set themselves within it will be the creation of self-governing dominions under an Imperial Crown.

It is upon the immediate and visible change involved in the transfer of the capital and the undoing

of the partition that criticism and discussion must inevitably centre. We must expect hostility from the commercial and official colonies of Englishmen, who will see their rather unattractive centre in Calcutta robbed of much of its social prestige and of the wealth that attends the presence of a court. It is even possible that in the upper strata of Bengali society some regret may be felt on this score. But the gain to the ideal of Bengali nationality so immeasurably outweighs this loss that it seems hardly worthy of mention in the computation. The sting of Lord Curzon's partition lay in the calculation behind it. It was an attempt to rule by dividing. A race the least popular with its rulers and the most active in all the recent developments of criticism and agitation, acutely conscious not merely of its Indian sentiments but also of its own strongly marked individuality, saw its motherland sundered in two, and its dream of building up a unity of language, culture, and policy, shattered by a pedantic and unnatural bureaucratic division. Calcutta had ceased to be the capital of Bengal, while Bengal had ceased to exist save as the ideal in the mind of a people. It seemed to be a revenge for the awakening of a race, and a revenge aggravated by favoritism towards the less nationalist Mohammedan element. It is a matter of undisputed history how the partition aggravated the general unrest, accentuated all over India the rivalry of Moslem and Hindu, recruited the ranks of the extremists, and made for a campaign of terrorism. From the first, Lord Morley avowed his sympathy with the critics of this disastrous inspiration. But the years went by, and with every year it became harder to undo the past and to seem to yield to an angry and even criminal agitation. The way of escape has been found by a brilliant combination, through a general re-arrangement which makes the reversal of a mistaken policy simple, natural, and spontaneous. The details of the settlement involve the fullest recognition of the claims of Bengali nationality. The confines of the new province will correspond accurately to the ethnographical limits of this clever and progressive race. The separated regions of the East which will be grouped with Behar, though mainly Hindu in religion, have their own racial and economic peculiarities. They are not Bengali, and they are not, either in their land system or in their physical character, a national part of Bengal. The one anxious feature of the new arrangement is that it will leave the Hindus and Moslems of Bengal, one in race and speech but profoundly separated in politics, so nearly equal in numbers that the struggle for ascendancy may for the brief initial period be somewhat accentuated. In the end, we think, as the external causes for the rivalry disappear, the sense of a common nationality must bring with it the habits of unity, while the responsibility of self-government will inevitably tend to foster the growth of parties based on differences more secular and less elementary. To the troubled life of Bengal itself, this happy stroke of policy promises peace. To India as a whole, it means the closing of a wound which had infected the whole body with its fevers and its inflammations.

It is only because they come among so many larger boons that the promise of a grant for primary education,

and the proffer of the Victoria Cross to Indian soldiers seem to be secondary benefits. It is not a small thing to link two races together by the freemasonry of courage. Our failure even to attempt anything for the schooling of the Indian masses has been perhaps the worst blot upon the record of the Empire. This decision is a triumph for the firm but tactful advocacy of Mr. Gokhale, and it will mean that in the next generation the "servants of India" whom his influence has enfranchised will be drawn not only from the intellectual aristocracy but from the masses as well. Twenty years hence it will no longer be the commonplace of Indian politics that the conscious Indian nation means only the minute minority which has passed through our schools and colleges. This reform must create a great mass of opinion, neither illiterate nor yet Europeanised, whose ears will be opened to the leaders and teachers of the future. It means the breaking down of caste and superstition, and the leavening even of the lower strata of Indian society by the new national thought. No step could be more dangerous if we intended to check the predestined course of Indian development. No step can be more essential if we mean to prepare a real self-government. The "intellectuals" deserve their due influence in the new society which is arising, but it is the duty of a Government to see that the proletariat which they will inevitably lead shall be neither unlettered nor uncritical. Of all the announcements made on this great festival, the most momentous, to our thinking, is the outline programme for the future evolution of a free India, contained in the despatch from the Viceroy in Council. The famous Simla memorial which sketched the first draft of Lord Morley's reforms dwelt with crude roughness on the fact that our tenure of India is a tenure by the sword. It seemed by the will of the Indian Government to close the door to full autonomy even in the remoter future. But, as even Lord Cromer said of Egypt, every nationality must have its ideal. To close the door to freedom was to invite revolt. At length the solution is indicated. While Simla still holds to the view that a factitious official majority must continue to control the Viceroy's Legislative Council, it looks forward to the complete abandonment of official checks in the provincial Councils. They are promised eventually complete autonomy, with the Government of India above them all, authorised to interfere only in case of misgovernment. This scheme of devolution opens a prospect of the growth of a number of great nationalities, each abundant enough in population and extensive enough in area to lead to a dignified and self-sufficing life. It is an ideal of the Indies for the Indians, with the Viceroy's Government partly representing them, partly checking them with the authority of the Imperial arm.

It may be that even this is not the final destiny of India, which may yet evolve a true federal system. But it provides a programme so generous and so liberal that one or two generations may elapse before it is exhausted. There is scope enough within its limits for the ardors and labors of the most patriotic Nationalists. It will give a meaning and a purpose to their work, and turn the zeal which had spent itself in hostile agitation into a

fruitful and pacific channel. Liberalism has done nothing greater and nothing braver since it gave self-government to the Transvaal. It is a return to the great tradition of Lord Ripon's time, and a return so decisive that no future reaction can check it. On these lines the Empire in India, which seemed for a moment swept out of the sphere of progress, must henceforward move. Upon the throne of the Moghuls will be built a structure which the hope of India will enlarge, and the work of Englishmen make stable.

THE DECLINE OF PARLIAMENTARY POWER.

THE Government are, we hope, sensible of a growing concern on the part of all parties in the State at the decline of the Parliamentary power. This concern is visible in many directions. The other day Mr. Asquith was asked to consent to the appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons to devise some means of bringing it into closer touch with Foreign Affairs, and a group of his followers, undeterred by an unfriendly reply, have decided to establish such a body for themselves. That is a natural reaction from the frozen secrecy of the last six years. So far as foreign affairs are concerned, this House of Commons and its two predecessors might never have sat. They have seen the whole fabric of our traditional foreign policy upset without the chance of a single intervention of which the world could take note. Nor can it have escaped the eyes of the Liberal managers that the Parliamentary Party are beginning to watch with jealousy the use of the guillotine, not as an expedient, but as a regular and normal instrument of the Executive. Both parties are now committed to such a use, and next Session will see it fully applied, not only to the House, but to the Grand Committee, and extended beforehand to each of the three great and fiercely disputed measures which constitute the present programme for 1912. Let us admit that a regular system of guillotine, planned in advance, is at once a fairer and a more efficient instrument for the despatch of business than a scheme devised *ad hoc* to crush opposition and force a lagging or an obstructed Bill through the House. But it represents a distinct and menacing advance of the ever-lengthening arm of the Executive. Under the "kangaroo" closure the Chairman of Committees is given the power of selecting amendments, and thus becomes the direct agent of the Government. The House debates what the Government thinks right it should debate, and little else. A proper choice of subjects is indeed made, and if the Opposition accept the situation, as they accepted the apportionment of time for the discussion of the Insurance Bill, they may secure an adequate criticism of important detail. But when the topic is strongly controversial, as next year's topics will be, there is no disguising the fact that the Government now claims not only to carry its Bills, but to fix the way in which the House shall discuss them, irrespective of the protests of the Opposition. Add to the power of the guillotine to limit the functions of the Commons, the power of the Parliament Act to limit the functions of the Lords, and it

becomes clear that we have reached a new epoch in representative government. A Ministry firmly seated in office, and resting on a well-disciplined party or combination of parties, possesses a power over Parliament which none of its predecessors could boast. Part of this power properly belongs to it, for it has accrued as a result of the usurpations of the House of Lords. The pendulum has swung back and swung far, receding not merely from the unrepresentative Chamber, but from the House of Commons, and almost brushing the "private member" away.

And now a third great Parliamentary subject arises, the greatest and oldest of all. Financial control is the key of the British representative system, and the key has sadly rusted. The control has always been partial, but it had some fairly effective agents. The Victorian Parliament always showed an interest in economy. Each successive House boasted a raging economist or two, as well as a Cerberus of the gates of thrift in the person of Gladstone, and Ministers had reason to fear the debates on the Estimates. With the guillotine all the sting of these inquisitions has disappeared. The House can talk as it pleases; the Departmental Minister has barely an interest in guiding discussion, for at the end of the Session the stroke of the guillotine shears off all his critics' heads, and presents him with the millions he wants. This year, even the Budget has been barely debated at all, and criticism of an expenditure of over £181,000,000 has been huddled away into the dimmest corner of the Session. Nor does the Treasury fulfil its old commanding function in regard to the spending departments. For it has no longer the force of public and Parliamentary opinion behind it. The growing dominance of the War Services, and the way in which their "experts" have been raised to seats of authority by the Ministers' sides, almost invert their former relationship to the financial power. Now it is they who command and the Treasury which obeys. All through the Services the disappearance of *laissez-faire* doctrine, and the call for a widely and generously dealing Government, using the public treasure to promote the public health and happiness, have swept away the old barriers against expenditure. We are bound to add that the arrangement of the *personnel* of the Cabinet has largely contributed to this end. Mr. Lloyd George's policy is the policy of his party, and has been a decisive element in Liberal strength. But it is obvious that its special association with the Treasury incidentally upsets the old theory of Treasury responsibilities. Under Georgian rule, the old saving and watching department has become a great centre of expenditure and social administration. Its abundant store of talent and experience is now largely devoted to constructive services of a costly and steadily developing kind. What, after all, has the Treasury to do with such measures as the Development Act and the Insurance Act? They are functions of the spending and administering departments. The Gladstonian Treasury was the instrument, subject to the Cabinet and the general lines of its policy, of financial control. Its outlook may have been too narrow, its ideas too penurious. The modern State stands for a wider conception of public duty, but

it must suffer as much as any of its predecessors from loose finance. We do not mean that the Chancellor's finance is loose, but that in the process of setting up a large constructive policy the old absorbing interest of the Treasury in economical administration has been obscured. This is a vital, a revolutionary, change, and it is impossible for the House of Commons to pass over so significant a shifting of the balance of Parliamentary Government.

The time is therefore ripe for the demand for a Standing Committee of the House of Commons on the Estimates, which has taken shape in a memorandum signed by 224 members of all parties, who on Thursday presented it to the Prime Minister. It was impossible for him to dismiss so grave a presentment. The scheme has the assent of the best members in the House, and it is, in the main, the work of Lord Welby and Sir Francis Mowatt, the ablest living representatives of Gladstonian finance. The plan itself is very well devised to supplement Gladstone's work in establishing the Committee on Public Accounts, which already deals with the appropriation of public monies. The proposed Committee on Estimates would carry this work of supervision a step further. It would not, of course, touch the Budget, after the fashion of the Commission of the French Chamber; it would deal with Estimates alone, after they had been presented to the House, would examine them and report on them, more with a view to moulding the Estimates of the coming year than to affecting the accounts presented for the current year. It would select special branches of expenditure, and would make a general survey of the nation's liabilities. It would also inquire if the Treasury had fulfilled its duty of maintaining "financial order" throughout the public service. All these seem to us eminently constitutional and Parliamentary functions. None of them are now effectively discharged by anybody. The entire system of financial supervision is in abeyance. It seems to us that a Liberal Prime Minister could not resist such an appeal; the less so as it is urged, not merely by those who wrap themselves in the rags of the old *laissez-faire* policy, but by the school which accepts the newer and fuller meaning of democratic government, and expressly approves the Chancellor's interpretations of it. With Mr. Asquith's consent in principle to the formation of a Committee on the Estimates the first step has been taken to a revival of the power of Parliament in respect of the function from which its very life arose.

But the Prime Minister will not, we think, imagine that only finance is involved in the various movements of Parliamentary opinion we have described. There is more in it than that. The legislative machine is just now moving at very high pressure; and next year the strain will be greater still. We do not quite see how Parliamentary officials, draughtsmen, or the Cabinet itself can stand it; and we have some anxiety lest, in zeal for legislation, the Government should neglect the essential rule of informing the nation, and maintaining the interest and intelligent co-operation of the party. Our public opinion is not a quick, finely instinctive, easily moved force; it is rather a deliberate, even a dense, medium. Moreover, the Government whose energies are

absorbed in legislation is bound to fall off on its administrative side. We quite approve the energy, the Radical spirit, of the Administration. It is the only atmosphere in which a Liberal Government can live. But the House of Commons has a life of its own, and this is withering under the strong hand of the Executive. Too much is being attempted at once, and under conditions in which it is not possible to ensure the full and proper co-operation of Parliament. We are still convinced that the programme of 1912 should be lightened, and we feel sure that in a few weeks its authors will divine the necessity of measuring forces, and adjusting them fairly to the needs of the new Constitution.

THE RAISING OF RAILWAY RATES.

AMID the general feelings of relief with which the new terms of conciliation in the railway world have been received, the announcement by the companies of their intention to raise the ticket-rates has received less attention than it deserves. Schedules of an increase for excursions, week-end, and season tickets, to take effect at the beginning of the year, have been arranged upon a common scale by the great companies running North, and other companies have already announced similar changes. Generally speaking, the increases amount to some five or ten per cent. If the process of raising rates were confined to these special fares, mostly large reductions on the legal minima, the matter might appear of no great importance. Holiday-makers would spend a little more upon the journey, a little less in other ways, and though with suburban clerks, and other users of cheap season-tickets, every small addition counts more heavily, the burden might not be intolerable. Indeed, the first question that occurs has reference to the wisdom of the companies in proposing these increases. For every increase will have its due effect in preventing travellers from travelling so often or so far as they would travel at the lower rates. Persons to whom it appears just worth while to take a season-ticket will do without one. Week-enders will not go quite so far afield, and the masses of workers that pour out of the great industrial centres to the seaside will choose nearer instead of more distant resorts. Where companies have previously been free to fix their rates for such tickets without fear of direct competition, it does not seem evident that they can recoup themselves for increased wages by raising their rates. For, if they understood their business, they must be supposed to have already worked out schedules which would yield them the largest net profit on these lines of traffic. Where keen competition between several lines has forced the rates below the monopoly level, a stable agreement of the competing lines might, of course, prove profitable. But, even under these conditions, some loss of business must necessarily follow the rise of fares, so that the net gain would appear dubious or inconsiderable.

We take it, however, that this raising of rates within the sole control of the companies will be followed at no distant time by a general raising of rates for passenger

and goods traffic, provided the Board of Trade sanction this policy. And it will be remembered that a guarded anticipatory sanction was announced by the Government at the time when the Railway Commission was appointed last summer. The public, which has heard with genuine satisfaction the considerable advances of wages announced during the last two months on most of our railways, will not be so pleased when they realise that they are to be called upon to defray the whole expenses of this humane policy. Yet to those who do not know the wasteful way in which most of our railways have been managed and financed, this general rise of rates will appear quite reasonable and, indeed, necessary. Returns for recent years show that the interest on railway capital is not high enough to bear any considerable increase of the wage-bill, especially at a time when the price of fuel and other expenses have been mounting rapidly. If the mode of selection of railway directorates afforded any reason to suppose that they attained the high level of efficiency that prevails in most developed industrial enterprises, and that the management of railways displayed the same habits of economy and skilled book-keeping that are found, say, in the cotton trade or in shipbuilding, the argument for permitting a general rise of rates would, in our judgment, be incontrovertible. For so long as private capital is needed for the railway business, that capital must have its living wage, as well as the labor with which it co-operates, and any attempt to cut down profits below the level of such remuneration brings disaster to the services.

But we earnestly hope that, before public sanction is expressly given to any general policy of raising the minimum rates for passenger and goods traffic, careful consideration will be given to the possibility of pressing on the companies an alternative policy of economy and efficiency. The new combinations and working agreements between formerly competing lines must themselves enable great savings to be effected. When the huge waste of competition, with its duplicate services, is squeezed out of our railway system, there is good reason to hold that, even with a higher wage-bill, the capital, highly watered, as most of it is, can be adequately remunerated without increasing to any appreciable extent the traffic rates. The business firms of the country will expect the Board of Trade to hold a strict scrutiny into the possibilities of technical and administrative reform in railway enterprise before sanctioning a rise of rates which will add something considerable to the cost of production of every kind of goods, and may seriously cripple businesses competing in the world markets on a narrow margin of profit. It would be a fatal error if a rise of railway rates, engineered upon the basis of a humane wage policy, enabled the railways not merely to recoup themselves for their losses on the wage-bill but to raise their dividends. For the new policy of joint responsibility and joint control of railways by private directorates and by a State department cannot in the long run prove satisfactory. Most persons who follow the current of events recognise quite clearly that it is only a halfway house on the road to public ownership.

When the time is ripe for this process of nationalisation, its feasibility and financial success will of necessity hinge upon the terms of compensation to the private shareholders. To sanction such revisions of the schedules of rates as will artificially raise the net profits of the railways will inevitably lead to a corresponding increase of the cost of nationalisation.

If the Board of Trade should fall into this trap, and enable the railways to improve their position by charging higher rates instead of by improving their business methods, they will find themselves confronted with the following dilemma. Either they will in practice have handed over to the companies the control over rates necessary to protect the interests of the public, or they must buy out the companies upon a basis of valuation which by their own policy has been raised to an extravagant amount. It is right and proper that all grades of railwaymen should be paid a wage of human efficiency, and should not be overworked. It is, however, improper that at the outset of such reforms the Companies should be permitted to throw upon the travelling and business public so large a charge as will more than defray this increased cost. It would surely be well to wait until it is apparent how far the net expenses of working the railways are actually enhanced by this more humane policy, and whether the increased expenditure upon wages that may be required cannot be provided out of new economies of administration.

THE PUNISHMENT OF BAD TASTE.

WE drew attention last week to the cases of Thomas William Stewart, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and of John William Gott, sentenced to four months' imprisonment by Mr. Justice Horridge at Leeds for the offence of blasphemy. So little notice do such attacks on liberty of speech excite that we have been able to see no full account of the trial, and are not informed as to all the words used by either prisoner. We note, however, that in the evidence against Mr. Stewart it was alleged that he spoke of Christianity as "the boil on the human intellect," a coarse way of expressing the view that has been held by some thinkers that theological religion is not a normal, but a morbid or pathological, development of the human mind. We note, further, and this is the governing consideration, that neither prisoner was charged with indecency or obscenity, nor with any incitement to disorder. Some of the actual words complained of in the case of Mr. Stewart were apparently quotations from the well-known works of Colonel Ingersoll.

In prosecutions for blasphemy at the present day, the allegation is always not that a man has impugned the truth of the Christian religion, but that he has done so in an offensive manner. Now the use of offensive language is very reprehensible, particularly with regard to matters on which other people feel deeply. The terms, for instance, in which the Royal declaration

spoke of the Roman Catholic religion were needlessly offensive, and painful to a very worthy body of the King's subjects. Theologians in all times have fulminated damnations against one another. They have found each other's views alternately wicked or puerile, a "fond thing, vainly invented," or a delusion of Satan. They did very wrong to speak in this way, and the voice of reason, gently admonishing them of their error, has, by degrees, convinced them that courtesy and regard for the feelings of others are the better way of vindicating truth and of impressing others with the strength of their own convictions. But this improvement has been accomplished not by sending men to prison or the gibbet, but by refusing to send them to prison and the gibbet; not by answering coarse words with coarse deeds, but by replying to invective with reason, or where it is mere emptiness with silence. Coarseness of expression is bad manners, but it is not the business of the law to punish bad manners, nor does it attempt to do so except in the particular case where the doctrines of Christianity are assailed. Atheism, Agnosticism, Positivism, are frequently the objects of violent invective. It is indeed a common suggestion that outside the fold of orthodox religion there can be no genuine morality, a suggestion which is the brief compendium of all offensiveness. But the law would not countenance any prosecution for blasphemy under this head. It is not, therefore, bad manners as such with which the law is concerned; it is bad manners exhibited in the attack on a particular religion.

The Blasphemy law, in fact, is a lingering remnant of the principle that it is the business of the State to protect a certain form of religious belief. In the eighteenth and the earlier part of the nineteenth century it was indeed the substance of anti-Christian writing which was deemed libellous. It was criminal not merely to satirise the story of Jonah and the whale, but to urge serious reasons for disbelieving it. The whole of the Higher Criticism might have been brought under the ban of the Blasphemy laws. Old interpretations, never reversed by any statute, could be quoted as recently as the time when Stephen wrote his Digest in support of this view. Later prosecutions have, however, abandoned questions of substance, and have sought to protect the ears of Christians from words and modes of expression deemed offensive. But the principle is the same. If the law would undertake to protect Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, it would at least be impartial, though it would be undertaking a task for which it is ill-fitted. What jury, what judge, can decide on the legitimate limits of good taste? Satire is offensive to those satirised; but will anyone deny that satire is a legitimate weapon in religious controversy? May one not laugh legitimately at Mahomet going to the mountain because the mountain would not come to Mahomet? Is the law to be set in motion if one chooses to denounce the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius as a fraud? Fraud is an ugly word, a most offensive word. But suppose it is the only true word? To many minds the attribution to the Deity of the intention to punish even a single individual eternally, and with the most extreme physical tortures which the

fertile medieval mind could imagine, is itself a blasphemy of the most terrible kind on the spiritual nature of God. But could they prosecute those who assert eternal punishment? Are they, on their side, to be prosecuted if they use not logic only, but satire, wit, and every possible method of making their opponents realise what they consider to be the true meaning of their doctrine? And what sort of tribunal is a court of law to decide where legitimate satire ends and where coarse invective begins?

It is a poor religion that stands in need of legal protection, and a puny faith that suffers in its feelings from the gibes and taunts of unbelievers. In all the controversies of life the manlier view is content with the fact, patent to common sense, that invective when overdone recoils on him who uses it. When a man of honor is the object of a vulgar attack, it is the assailant who has the real claim on our pity, but the man of honor at once lowers himself to the same level if he replies in kind. Among matters of opinion or belief, it is the religious creed which should be the last of all to resort to carnal weapons. Religion is naught if it is not a spiritual influence working by reason, by imagination, by the emotions, drawing men into its fold and never driving them. Historically, nothing has done so much to weaken the permanent influence of spiritual religion as the resort to the secular arm or to the inducements of loaves and fishes. Nothing has gone so far to instil the doubt whether the creed professed were a living force in the breasts of its professors, and it is by its value as such a force that in the modern world a religion is judged. The test has been applied with special rigor to Christianity on account of the peculiar emphasis with which in the Christian documents violence is repudiated, and the duty of "turning the other cheek" upheld. There lies its real strength, its power of appeal to the hidden stream of finer tendency in human nature.

The love of liberty in this country is genuine enough. But we are too careless of principle. We are apt to interpret liberty as meaning the right to do what we like, and a willingness to let others do the same. But the test of liberty comes when it means the right of others to do what we do not like. Now, none of us like coarse invective. Its objects do not like it. Those who agree with the opinions which prompt it like it still less. Few, then, will plead for the obscure individuals upon whom the batteries of the law are turned in such cases as these. Not a whit the less are we sinning against the most vital principles of our country, the principles on which our peace has been won, and on which our progress must depend, when we allow the obsolete laws of a bygone age to be used for the protection of a religion which ought to disdain them. No one will venture to set them in force against the attacks on religion that really count. From being terrible, the spirit of persecution has come to be merely mean and petty. But this meanness is itself a blasphemy against liberty and religion alike, and it is this kind of blasphemy which the law should put down. For law in England, we are wont to boast, exists to secure liberty, and liberty includes the right to say unpopular things in an unpopular way.

Life and Letters.

"HEAVEN ON EARTH."

INDIA has no history, for why trouble to record events that hardly stain the white radiance of that eternity into which all the transitory symbols of this mortal world will peacefully be absorbed? India has no history or date, but once upon a time, long ago—"many years, many years," as Indian women say of their age—a dimly discerned battle raged upon a vast plain where the jungle opened. There the Ancient of the Kurus blew his conch, loud as a lion's roar. The conches of other great kings suddenly blared, with kettledrums, tabors, and cow-horns, raising a tumult of sound. The great tumult shook the hearts of the very warriors, filling the earth and sky with din. So the long battle roared and thundered on its course, and how many days or months or years it raged—is it not told in the endless poem of Mahabharata, whereof the Bhagavad-Gita, that has been called India's Gospel, forms but a passing episode?

On the wide plain of the Jumna, ages before Delhi was thought of, that gigantic battle raged—Kurus against Panchalas, Kauravas against Pandavas—dusky and obscure nations of our common stock, speaking the mother-tongue of Europe. There, when the slaughter was done, and the peace of Krishna shone again, the victor, Yudhishthira, piled his great city of Indraprastha, and enjoyed the rewards of conquerors. There it rose in victorious splendor, and journeying a few miles south of Delhi, the Commissioner of the Archaeological Survey, Lord Curzon's finest service to India, now grubs for its relics. Over the vast cemetery of Time around it are scattered the graves of later cities, and the palaces of widely separated generations are commingled in an indistinguishable ruin. Hindu and Buddhist, Hindu and Mohammedan have fought and ruled and gloried on that plain. Old Greeks and Chinese have visited it; Rajputs and Afghans have conquered it, and departed like a summer cloud. The hordes of Timur have swarmed over it, and slain the whole population of its greatest city with their heavy knives. Over a circle of twelve miles' diameter grandeur lies scattered, and no clue is found to its chaos. Here stands an iron pillar, bearing a conqueror's inscription that, after infinite pains, has been deciphered. There rises a solitary tower of victory, but what victory it commemorates, or what race first erected the tower in its pride, no archaeologist is now quite sure. The ruins of a huge observatory point to the stars that go their usual way with no eye to watch them thence. The tombs of mighty kings and prophets crumble like the desiccated dust that they contain. Here and there a pastoral village is built with lumps of royal masonry, and a "sweeper's" family nests in the audience chamber of kings before whose sight nations shook and bowed. "The near neighborhood of the existing City of Delhi," writes Lord Crewe in the White Paper ordaining Delhi as our Indian Empire's future capital, "formed the theatre for some most notable scenes in the old-time drama of Hindu history, celebrated in the vast treasure-house of national epic verse." Certainly that breadth of plain was such a theatre, and to this favor have the dramas there enacted come.

For Delhi itself, it rises amid this chaos of ruin like the last rose of summer, whose lovely companions are withered and gone. "The ancient walls of Delhi," says Lord Crewe, "enshrine an Imperial tradition comparable with that of Constantinople, or with that of Rome itself." It is rhetorically true, for Delhi had a dim and turbulent history before the Moghuls came. But it was the Moghuls who made her glorious, and as the city of the Moghuls she seems a mere upstart compared with the mouldering stones around her. She is not older than our own aristocracy, founded on the ruins of the barons and the pillage of the Church. When Babar, the first Moghul, took Delhi, Henry VIII. and Wolsey were puzzling over the divorce; Pavia had just been fought; and Charles V. was preparing for the sack of Rome. Nor was it till the verge of our Civil

War that the Moghuls began to endue the city with her conspicuous beauty. Already Akbar had built his great town of Fatehpur-Sikri, and left it deserted, standing empty to this day; he had already adorned his new capital at Agra, and been buried in his vast mausoleum near by; when his grandson, Shah Jahan, removed the capital from Agra, turning for a while from the Taj he was building to consecrate the memory of a beloved woman. So he began the construction of the Delhi that we know. Shahjahanabad is its other name, for it owes its beauty to that one supreme artist among kings. There he built his great palace of red sandstone, marbles, and mosaics. With halls of audience and terraces, with mosques, and women's chambers, and secluded gardens, he constructed the royal paradise of the world:—

"If heaven on this earth may appear,
It is here, it is here, it is here!"

So cries the well-known inscription upon the wall.

The peacock throne was stolen. The secluded gardens were trampled down and disappeared. The palace stands empty and unfurnished. No audience gathers in its courts. No decrees are promulgated from its judgment-seat. The owl and the tourist possess it merely. Germans and Americans stalk with guides through the apartments of its queens. Outside its fortress walls the battles of gulls and eagles upon the Jumna alone disturb the peace of its desolation.

Stretching out far on two sides of it, stews a middle-aged city, neither old nor young. Within walls and gates famous in records of horror and courage, are encompassed a quarter of a million souls, inhabiting brown bodies, chiefly thin. "Delhi has splendid communications," say the Viceroy and his Council, when recommending it as the seat of Empire; "its climate is good for seven months in the year, and its salubrity could be ensured at a reasonable cost." Certainly its railway communications are splendid. It is some hours nearer to Bombay than Calcutta is. It is only fourteen hours from Simla, to which the Government will retire for the five months when the climate is not good. It is the natural third base to Peshawur and Lahore for defence of the old Afghan passes, or for advance through them. It will probably become the primary base for the defence of the new frontier when we have to plant the great mass of our British and native armies in fortresses and cantonments across the deserts of Southern Persia, while our conscripts guard the cliffs at home. Delhi is the very centre of the strategic railway position, and the one objection to it as a capital is that a victorious invasion could strike it more easily than Calcutta. But we may hope that, while they are in the way with it, the new Government will consider those rather attenuated quarter of a million people for whom also the climate during five months of the year is not good. If salubrity can be ensured at a reasonable cost, the inhabitants may benefit by that expenditure even more than by the £4,000,000 which is to be spent in piling up new courts and palaces upon the ruins of past greatness. When last the present writer was in Delhi, the Punjab was still suffering from a plague that at its height had killed 70,000 in a week within the province, and the pyres of the city still burned continuously. The drains and gutters were choked with filth. Muck-heaps oozed and stank in all corners. Down some of the lanes between the dwelling-houses of the poor, it was hardly possible for a fairly broad-shouldered man to squeeze his way. "It is here, it is here, it is here!" one kept repeating, as of an earthly inferno. But the Municipal Committee had lately voted £1,000, not to increase the city scavengers, but further to adorn a foolish bit of garden that salutes the visitor's eye as he drives in from the Ridge to the Cashmir Gate, and sees the statue of Nicholson with sword drawn against the city, a perpetual menace, and a perpetual reminder of hideous deeds that neither side has the grace to obliterate from their hearts.

"The change would strike the imagination of the people of India as nothing else could do," writes Lord Hardinge, in advising the transference; and if the Indian people in Delhi find their earthly sojourning prolonged as they pass this stage upon their way to the joy of

nothingness, they will be grateful. But as to imagination, the appearance of one ruler more in the long succession of rulers who have set their capitals upon that immemorial plain can hardly stir the outside people much. Villages are scattered wide through the country, pursuing the annual habits of uncounted years. On a joint family system, the villagers there inhabit the mud-walled huts, the eldest man declaring the law, the eldest woman controlling the household. With furniture of brass pot and dish, grain box, beds, rags, a silver ornament or two, and a fire outside, they confront the changes and chances of this mortal life. One is a weaver, weaving all day, and making fivepence with good luck; another a potter, another a barber, a fourth a sweeper. One priest with his family is kept to fulfil the holy rites, remember the festivals, and forecast the success or failure of the crops. The rest plough, dig, and reap, or strip the trees for fodder when drought is long. Sometimes a juggler comes by, or an hereditary bard. February is the season for wrestling and dancing. Now and again a daughter's wedding must be celebrated, and the father has to borrow at thirty-six per cent. for the fitting splendor. Then the money-lender has to be paid, or the zemindar's rent falls due, or the assessment man comes round, or the collector demands the tax of two-and-a-half rupees an acre for the advantage of law and order. There is always now the plague to fear, and about every fourth or fifth year a chance of famine. Among these occupations and pleasant or perilous interests, life goes on from generation to generation, almost without a change.

The transference of the capital to the city of splendid communications, and of a salubrity to be ensured at a reasonable cost, may be good for the Government; it may be good for Mohammedan officials and bad for Hindus; good for one set of lawyers and bad for another; good for the army, bad for the sailors; good for the landowners here, and bad for the landowners there. But to the villager behind his oxen it is no great matter to see the towers of another palace rising upon that historic plain; nor will he look there for a heaven on earth, so long as he hears the rain falling, and the blade already springs green from the clods.

THE UNCHANGING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

It was once the good fortune of the writer to visit the venerable University of El Azhar at Cairo in the company of a Liberal Egyptian deeply interested in the Moslem "Modernist" movement. One watched the old dead system of education at work, turning its useless wheels with the regularity of a treadmill, protected by countless vested interests, by the force of inertia, and the fanaticism of ignorance. Year by year young men came up from distant Nigeria, from far Arabia, from the wilds of the Soudan and the busy villages of the Delta, to bury themselves in its useless discipline and involve themselves in its medieval lore. Outside it, the modern city followed its alert and busy life. Whatever was educated, whatever was powerful, demanded reform. But in the end the Liberal movement was fain to break away in despair, and to build its own separate modern school, where the cadis and the ulemas of the next generation are learning in twenties and hundreds something of the risky elementary knowledge that is taught to children in the schools of the State. El Azhar is not unique. The same impregnable conservatism, the same sublime indifference to the opinion of the world around them, makes the pride of our own older universities. The State and Parliament, parties and parents, sit impotently around them, hardly daring to suggest that they may have a right to intervene in the problems which they claim to settle for themselves.

Once more the Convocation of Oxford has rejected a proposal for the reform of its curriculum, put before it in a shape which was dangerous by its excessive moderation. It will not exempt even the Honors man in Science from the obligation of compulsory Greek. We incline to agree with Mr. A. C. Benson that the defeat of this proposal is a matter rather for congratulation

than regret. It is not the clever student who suffers most acutely from the waste involved in an uncongenial study too superficial to be educative. He has the habit of learning. He acquires the minimum demanded of him with a certain promptitude, and because he is quick of wit he may in the process derive from it a certain literary benefit. The real problem is the average student of modest parts. He learns laboriously, he forgets promptly. He will never open a Greek text after he has taken his degree, and in all the process of his mechanical studies he will never catch a glimpse of the beauties and subtleties of the language, or find in its literature a stimulus for his mind. The years which he spends in this uncongenial toil are unmitigated waste. If they teach him patience through the medium of "cribs," and school him to dependence through the agency of tutors, they rob him also of the chance of pursuing some study which would for him be educative and stimulating. Modest though his parts may be, there is some side of him which is sensitive. He has perhaps an instinctive love of nature, and might be trained to delight in botany or biology, or the science of the rocks. He is interested in trade, and might be induced to take a lively concern in economics. He has a political bent, which a good teacher might exploit to enliven history. He may have little gift for languages, but in French or in German he would find not merely a discipline, but a constant stimulus to his curiosity. These studies are closed to him in effect, not because they are forbidden, but because he is forced to squander his time, his zeal, and his limited intellectual energy in the perfunctory discipline of elementary Greek.

The problem would long ago have been solved, were it not that a nice balance of financial interests makes for the preservation of things as they are. The Public Schools must foster Greek because it is the golden ladder which leads to scholarships at the Universities. The Universities, in their turn, dread even the partial abolition of Greek, because it must lead to the abandonment altogether of the study in the smaller and poorer Grammar Schools. From this vicious circle there seems as yet no hope of release. The consequence is to stereotype tradition and to impoverish the curriculum, not merely at the Universities, but in every school which regards itself as their vestibule. We have before us a curious work of reference ("Public Schools at a Glance"), issued by "The Knowledge Organisation Bureau," which tabulates through a series of dreary pages the main features of every recognised "Public School." There is a certain variety in the price of the education which they furnish. You may pay anything from £80 to £120 a year, without extras, for a sound and genteel formation of the mind. But in the knowledge which these schools impart there is a monotonous uniformity. "Bedale's," with its co-educational basis and its daring innovations of method and curriculum, stands boldly alone. Perse Grammar School has introduced its pioneer method of teaching languages, and offers scholarships to pupils from elementary schools. There is one school which makes a speciality of gardening, and another which apologises for the attention which it bestows on the "English branches"; but there, if this catalogue is fairly compiled, the variety ends. In all of them there is the conventional division between "the modern side" and "the classical side." In all of them reign the same sports and the same social organisation. But you will not discover that Eton seeks to differentiate itself from Harrow, or Rugby from Winchester, by any promise of individuality in the methods or subjects of instruction. The medieval path of studies through trivium and quadrivium was not more remorselessly or more uniformly traced.

One school which arrogantly declines to install a "modern side" denounces this innovation as a refuge for the idler and duller boys. And yet the evidence is that it provides, if its pupils can but appreciate it, a broader and more liberal schooling than the classical curriculum. It commonly includes two modern languages, with some Latin, much science, a fair training in mathematics, and a more generous allowance of "the English branches." The classical side, which should be

the humaner discipline, is in practice based on a rigid specialisation. Science may be relegated to three-quarters of an hour in the week, and the mathematics are severely elementary. A lad emerges from this discipline as ignorant of the living world about him as a Chinese youth who memorised the sages in the days before the edicts of reform. He could turn you Gray's *Elegy* into passable Greek verses, but he would be eccentric if he could tell you anything of Kepler or Newton, explain the nature of the electric current that lights his bedroom, or give an intelligible narrative of the Reform Bill. He knows something of the Gracchi, but nothing of Cobden or O'Connell. European history is for him a blank, and it is much if he can read one modern language with pleasure. He emerges at the end of the expensive process with a poorer intellectual equipment than a boy who leaves a Scottish provincial High School, three years his junior. His mastery of two dead tongues is still too imperfect, unless he is a lad of more than average parts, to make him at home in their literature. He will not pick up even the smooth pages of Lucian for his own amusement, nor wander in his Plato far outside the annotated pages of his interleaved "Republic" and the familiar dialogues that turn on the death of Socrates. His ambition will be satisfied with the prescribed texts, and when his ordeal is completed he will dump them, without sentiment or regret, upon the stall of the second-hand bookseller. Ten years later, he would be hard put to it to frame a grammatical period in Latin or to construe a chorus of Euripides. His mental development has been sacrificed to a specialisation which nothing but a financial tyranny imposes. He was sacrificed for the sake of the cleverer boys in the form, who did at least secure the solid compensation of an exhibition or a scholarship. He might have acquired, had he been spared the routine of compulsory Greek, a knowledge of some science which would have made the world for him intelligible, or mastered German, and with it a whole world of fresh ideas. In this stagnant and unreal discipline of the schools there can come no change until the Universities are first reformed. The abolition of compulsory Greek will mean for the first time the possibility of installing a liberal curriculum in the Public Schools. It might mean that within a generation we should possess an educated governing class.

A PEAK IN THE CARIBBEAN.

CUBA ends to the south in a huge hammer of mountains eight thousand feet high and steeping sheer into the sea. The wall does not end there, but continues its precipitous descent into the seven-hundred-mile-long abyss called Bartlett's Deep. This gigantic submarine valley is nearly four miles deep and eighty miles wide. No terrestrial mountains rear up in such grandeur from their plain, though some, of course, stand at a greater elevation above sea-level. It would be a gloomy valley if it were dry and open to the sun, but the gloom under four vertical miles of water is unthinkable. A photographic plate is in a dark room at less than one mile, and beyond that test we have no means of probing such darkness. At a mile and a half, the pressure of the water is nearly two tons to the square inch; the ooze that comes up from such a depth, though the equator runs overhead, is cold as hoar-frost; it is ten times certain that no vegetation can grow there.

As in our world none but the vegetables are able to make food, it ought to follow that in the depths of the sea there should be no animal life. As a matter of fact, these glooms are inhabited by the most grotesque and chimerical of all fishes. It would seem as though in the darkness life had taken every imaginable licence to be ugly and bizarre. Cannibalism is evidently the only method of life, and its equipment runs to every kind of extravagance. There are fish with teeth so long that they cannot close their mouths, fish that draw their stomachs over prey larger than themselves, fish with no more mouth than a leech, and getting their living as

leeches, fish with huge myoptic eyes, and fish frankly blind. Probably none of them come from depths quite beyond the region of light, though a great many of them go poking about their ghoulish business furnished with lanterns of the glow-worm type.

After eighty miles of a profundity that is no doubt sterile except on its comparatively shallow edges of only a mile or so in depth, the opposite side of the valley is reached. The foundations of other land begin to rise; the moveless element very slowly begins to be stirred by sea currents; the rain thickens of limy shells and skeletons of minute creatures that must make the limestone mountains of future ages. In mid-sea, between Cuba and Honduras, there comes a sudden peak over three miles high, where the currents have capriciously drifted and piled the ooze that makes rock. At its summit, just below the waves, the coral creatures took up the work and made an island, a barren island eighty miles from anywhere, two hundred from most places that count, and surely never to become anything but a speck of coral dust.

"They seem to be anchored like floating gardens on the placid surface of a sapphire sea—lonely and isolated and unknown. So practically unknown, indeed, that the staff of the Royal Geographical Society had never heard of them, and could give me no information concerning them." So writes Mr. P. R. Lowe at the outset of his book, "A Naturalist on Desert Islands" (Witherby). He had the good fortune to accompany Sir Frederic Johnstone to these and other "desert islands" in the Caribbean, and now it is ours to read of wonderful days spent in gorgeous coral gardens, of perilous landings amid the crash of combers, of scrambles through cactus thickets, walks through rookeries of frigate birds, and many other happenings. And in spite of the yacht and its crew, of Lady Wilton and her tarpon rod, and the great jew fish, queen fish, and others that she caught, of the taxidermy and of the photography, the spoils of which embellish the book, still the island with its twin peaks breaking the opal sea attracts us as a solitary paradise, a miracle of abundant life challenging an explanation.

How did that pinch of coral dust in the midst of the Caribbean get itself transformed into "a floating garden"? In spite of Mr. Lowe we believe that the sea was its first seedsman, bringing sapphire and convolvulus to bind the sand, and, aided by the wind, sea-lavender and sedge to make some attraction for sea-birds and later for land-birds, the carriers of smaller seeds. As Mr. Lowe points out, the shore of a mature island may be strewn by the sea with a great number of seeds capable of germination and yet belonging to species that do not grow there. The sea has been just powerful enough to carry them to the strand, but failing the next link in the chain of distribution, the seeds must perish. The sand will single out the sand-growing species, but six-sevenths of the inland vegetation has no generic connection with that of the beach.

Birds are the great colonisers of our pelagic islands, but their powers are strictly limited. Obviously they cannot carry coconuts or the viviparous offspring of the mangrove; comparatively few seeds germinate after passing through their bodies; sprouting and growth are by no means the certainties sketched by a writer in the daily press. He says that English hedges probably follow the line of old wire fences, the birds having sat there to eat their haws and dropped the stones neatly along! That is very far away from what really happens here or in the Caribbean. One sticky seed clinging to the feathers of one bird in a migratory flock may become the sole island ancestor of its kind. A seed in the crop of a bird from afar, that dies before it can digest it, may found another line, a stone swallowed by accident may account for another. The birds that "occur" on Swan Island to-day number some fifty species, of which only ten are resident. The traffic of wings to and from the mainland and neighboring islands is therefore enormous, and yet the vegetation of Swan Island is in many respects peculiar. The birds called honey-creepers "are found on almost every scrap of land surrounding the Caribbean Sea," so are mimosa bushes and logwood.

But in Swan Island there are neither honey-creepers nor the logwood bushes nor the mimosa which the birds so fondly frequent in other islands.

Whether the trees last named would bring the birds, or the birds bring the trees, who shall say? Or who shall say that every growth of Cuba or Honduras has not been at some time seeded on Swan Island? There are other forces that determine the selection of varieties even after they have been safely planted. Beyond their struggles one with another and the absence or presence of pollenising agents, we have the destructive force of browsing animals. The island swarms with iguanas whose fathom-long bodies must have taken great toll when the vegetation was young. The method of their coming is a problem of its own. We can conceive of a solitary reptile drifting ashore once in a hundred years, if a million others are swept from the South American rivers to perish at sea, but the chances against the arrival of the ideal first pair seem overwhelming. They have, at any rate, proved too much for snakes, of which not a single species inhabits the island. The rat of Swan Island, a big vegetarian, allied to the coypu, must have voyaged there down the Gulf Stream from Jamaica, three hundred and twenty miles away. One species is found to-day only on Swan Island, and the three others also found there are approaching extinction elsewhere. These and the iguanas, assisted by land-crabs with nibbling propensities, are the gardeners that have hoed out the unwanted species from the far more generous seeding of sea, wind, and birds.

If the island could not have got its land animals any other way, the sea would have provided them. Far up in the woods lives a huge land-crab, "rather an awesome-looking beast." His carapace is black above, but when his solitudes are invaded he rushes at the intruder, rears up to show a bright and splendid purple beneath, waves all his vermilion legs, and threatens with ghostly white pincers. The eggs of the land-crab must be taken to the sea, and the young must live there through the larval stage, and on tropic islands in May the mothers come clattering down from the hills like a company of cuirassiers on the march. Hermit crabs are to the same extent land dwellers on Swan Island. They seem to have the scent of vultures for dead meat, and in a few hours assemble in their thousands where there is any carcase to be picked.

These are but a few items of the rich dower of life which the sea has brought to this remote peak of a submerged mountain. The lagoon teems with "everything both strange and beautiful which appertains to an enchanted sea-garden." Little the gorgeous creatures in the sunshine of their glass-clear water know of the nightmare life in the deeps all round. Yet somehow their ancestors must have passed the abyss. The purely shore-living family of the blennies has one representative in Swan Island, that seems not to have come from anywhere in the West Indies or on the Atlantic side of America. It lives elsewhere only in the Pacific, and thus apparently links us with the time when America was deep beneath the sea.

CAKES AND ALE.

IN one of his whimsical little essays Mr. Belloc laments the disappearance of a manuscript which he describes as "a very tidy little piece of writing." He laments like Lesbia weeping for her sparrow. We also have cause to mourn the loss. The writer of these lines, in like manner, at this moment laments the vanishing from his mind of a patriotic poem which he lately beguiled a long country walk by composing, and which he now vainly endeavors to recall to mind. The thesis it maintained was that the best defence of England was a well-fed population. It described a Utopian age of gold to come when men would say:

"Each deliver and spinner
Is sure of a dinner."

There was a sort of refrain to it of which the following

two lines only remain to us (these things should be written down at the time):

"For roast beef and gravy
Are Army and Navy."

The writer here again makes his confession of faith, materialistic as it may seem, in the supreme importance of the people being well-fed. It makes him angry to think of working-men and cottage-mothers and little white-faced children not having enough to eat. At present great numbers of them do not have a sufficiency of good and wholesome food. Let the kindly disposed remember this at Christmas.

The cult of the acid drop is a growing one among us, but one has only to glance at a volume called "Good Cheer," by Mr. F. W. Hackwood, recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, to see how very modern, how very untraditional and un-English it is. The author, by the way, we are pleased to see, quotes some remarks from the columns of THE NATION on the traditional love of the English people for good fare. Dickens only interprets and reflects their historical attitude with regard to food. Nor is Dickens alone. The "Waverley Novels" are a storehouse of knowledge of mediæval and eighteenth-century cookery. The pages of Sir Walter are full of blanc-manger (as a boy we confused it with blanc-mange, marvelling that Plantagenet Kings and nobles should have feasted on the tasteless, slippery stuff), of carbonadoed venison, of collops, of venison pasties, of wild ducks with their proper sauce. "Pepys' Diary," again, as Mr. Hackwood points out, is full of good eating and drinking. Here is a truly delightful entry from the last-named work:—

"1 June, 1664.—Anon at noon comes Mr. Creed by chance, and by and by the three young ladies; and very merry we were at our party, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; peas, lobsters, strawberries."

Again:—

"6 June.—We stayed talking and singing and drinking great draughts of claret, and eating botargo and bread and butter till twelve at night."

Oh! ye leaders of the simple life, do not proscribe all these pleasant things! Lead such a life yourselves by all means, and we will honor you for it, when we discover it through the honorable and smiling concealment in which you wrap it, but do not preach it as a necessary observance to all others. Sir Walter's father one day made his boys eat the broth into which the soot from the chimney had fallen. It may have been a wholesome discipline. St. Francis of Assisi always introduced a little powdered ashes into the pleasant food of which he partook at the tables of the great. Those have a right to do such things whose whole minds are filled with joy in infinitely higher matters, and who do not attempt to force the regimen of ashes upon all.

But talk of Christmas cakes and ale and books on good cheer leads us to more luxurious scenes and thoughts than these. Let us go back for a moment to our English writers. Charles Lamb again is thoroughly in the old English tradition. We cannot pretend to much appreciation of his chosen viands of roast pork and home-made wine, but how understandingly, how sympathetically, he writes of good fare! Supper would have been the meal at which to have met Charles Lamb—no pretentious, many-coursed, modern dinner, but an old-world supper, served at nine o'clock, after an evening of old poets, with a single dainty dish or two. One could have supped very happily with him simply on a green pile of asparagus with mousseline sauce, if they made it in his day, or even plain melted butter, or on Whitstable natives (personally, we prefer the green oysters of Marennes to any other), or hot partridges, or, in winter, toasted sausages (sausages should always be cooked in front of the fire), or, some solemn high-day, on a lobster à l'Américaine on a silver dish.

The present writer has sat at many good men's feasts, the varied banquets of the rich as well as the Sunday dinners of the poor, and the suppers in farm-houses with an excellent tradition of old-fashioned English fare. An old gentleman of the latter class

lately moved him to that sympathy which he so easily feels for all suffering Conservatives, helpless in the tide of innovation, by his protest against the farce of a duck being called "stuffing." "What can sage-and-onions be but seasoning?" he remarked, plaintively. We also were brought up to call it "seasoning." Farm-house fare is so good because it springs from the soil of the immediate vicinity. It knows nothing of cold-storage and such horrors; it has not travelled from the ends of the earth. An indignant chorister, who was also the village butcher, wrote to a clergyman of our acquaintance, who bought foreign meat: "Them as eats Australian mutton may sing their own chants." He has our warmest sympathy. As to fish, we read of Helio-gabalus, "He rarely ate fish but when he was near the sea." This, apparently, is told as an example of fantastic luxury; but how thoroughly do we agree with this very discerning Emperor!

A dinner to call a dinner appears to us very difficult of attainment, but how delightful it is when achieved! We have heard a great lady say of the efforts of another in this direction, "Pretentious garbage." Another remarked of her entertainers, "Everything in their house tastes of tin." Sometimes there is a difference of opinion between the hostess and the cook as to the dishes set forth by the latter. The kind friend who more especially initiated the writer into the mysteries of *la haute cuisine* used to assert that it took a lady to make a mayonnaise. "Apportez moi de quoi faire une sauce mayonnaise," she would say, some time before dinner. "Madame, permettez que j'en goûte," the envious Josephine would remark, adding critically, "pas assez assaisonné." In answer to any criticism or suggestion, Josephine would exclaim in a lofty manner, "Madame, je suis devant le monde depuis l'âge de sept ans." The mayonnaise of Madame, however, was as near perfection as the best sauce in the world can be.

It is a mistake to suppose that food must be luxurious in order to be good. A properly cooked rice pudding, for instance, is delicious. There should be no currants, eggs, or any other alien substances, but it should be composed simply of rice, sugar, plenty of milk, and plenty of butter. It should be cooked till it is quite soft, all the milk being thoroughly absorbed. The result is a sweet, more delicious than Cambridge cream, that triumph of Peterhouse. The writer confesses to liking white food. A very good *menu* would be oyster patties, a boiled hen pheasant with celery sauce, white grape tartlets, and cheese straws with Chablis and yellow Chartreuse—the green appears to us to savor too strongly of peppermint. By the way, we know where there is in a secluded place one remaining bottle of the yellow Chartreuse of the monks of the Great Monastery. Some of these days we intend to make a pilgrimage to this spot, the name of which we shall not reveal, and bear away with us that remaining bottle. With regard to liqueurs in general, one inclines to come round to the opinion of a friend of ours who always asks, "Why drink poison when you can drink brandy?" The Chartreuse of the French Government nothing would induce us to taste.

We are inclined to agree with Colonel Newnham-Davis that the best cookery extant is to be found in the little restaurant on the pier at Boulogne. The *omelette foie de volaille* and the *sole vin blanc* served there are things to be remembered. It is greatly to be wished that English cooks could learn the art of making sauces for fish and vegetables. Melted butter is an excellent sauce when it is butter, but why put quantities of milk in it? Butter, of course, is the great secret of cooking vegetables. French beans ("Turkish beans" the Russians call them—they seem to have suggested something Southern and sunny to all nations) are a different thing when cooked in butter from the watery shreds we get in England. Served with oiled butter, they would tempt an anchorite. The one vegetable that is better served in the English way is green peas. They should always be plainly boiled with a sprig of mint as a sauce to the meat. *Navilles au beurre* again is a delicious dish. The varieties of Italian paste are endless and fascinating—*tagliatelli*, *cannelloni*, *capellini*,

occhi di bove, occhi di lupo, nidi di vespe, maniche, conchiglie, chicciole, penne. These are all macaroni and vermicelli made in various shapes and sizes, but Italian customers in Soho shops demand their own particular variety, and refuse any other. Talking of Italian cookery, "sambajone" served in a glass or a china cup is a delicious sweet.

The nomenclature of cookery appears to us on the decline. The good old terms the "Pope's-eye," the "alderman's walk," and the like, one very seldom hears. They all denote an interest in food, an observation of it, and an enjoyment of it. There are some unhappy beings who do not enjoy their food; they eat as a disagreeable necessity. Others consider it necessary to disguise their enjoyment. But the people, as the popular language everywhere shows, and indeed all normal and healthy human beings, take an interest in food. Mr. Hackwood, we see, gives the explanation of the French word for gooseberries—"groseilles à maquereau"—"mackerel currants." This is, of course, for the green gooseberry sauce eaten with mackerel. "Quel drôle de nom!" we remember a serving-maid saying as she handed us the *menu* in a cheap Parisian restaurant. In just the same way fennel is called "mackerel mint" in Lincolnshire.

The trouble with the mass of the people is that they do not get enough food. They need no cookery classes; they want more food to cook. The nurse who presided at the ushering of the present writer into the world used to remark that she liked "four good meals a day and all the fruits of the season," adding in commendation of her present surroundings, "Oh! them glorious apple pies." English cookery might be the best in the world. The sort of things eaten in England are better than the things preferred abroad. How very much nicer sirloin is than fillet, or a chicken than a capon! But English cooks should learn to make sauces and cook vegetables, and to take such hints as serving sorrel with veal. We have heard a clergyman, discoursing on the Prodigal Son, say, "He brought him home to a dish of roast veal—a dish I'm particularly fond of myself." We question whether the speaker knew of a "fricandeau à l'oseille." English material is very good, but think of red beef washed down with bottled beer, or ferruginous Colonial wine! Better a dinner of herbs.

Short Studies.

FAIRY TALES.

"There are no better fairy tales than those which life itself creates."—*Andersen.*

I.

At Naples the tramway workers had struck: there was a long row of empty cars in the Riviera Chiaia, while on the Piazza di Triomfo a crowd of drivers and conductors had assembled. It was a noisy, boisterous crowd of Neapolitans, as lively and mobile as quicksilver.

Higher than their heads, behind the garden fence, the glistening jet of a fountain hung in the air like a sword. The tramway workers were surrounded by a larger crowd who wanted to go by tramcar to the various parts of the town. All these, clerks, artisans, petty traders, seamstresses, denounced the strikers in a loud and angry tone. Harsh words and sharp epithets were hurled at their heads, hands gesticulated, for a Neapolitan can talk just as eloquently with his hands as with his ever busy tongue.

A light breeze came from the sea and gently swayed the fan-like leaves of the huge palm trees in the Municipal Gardens; their trunks resembled the legs of monstrous elephants hewn out of stone. Half-naked urchins of the Naples streets hopped about like sparrows, filling the air with loud and shrill laughter.

The town itself resembled an old engraving, bathed in the sun's rays, and droned as if it were an organ. The

blue waves of the sea beat regularly against the pebbles on the beach, and the noise joined that of the streets.

The strikers looked gloomy, and pressed against each other, hardly responding to the angry shouts of the crowd. They climbed up on to the railings and cast restless glances into the streets over the heads of the people. The strikers resembled a pack of wolves surrounded by dogs. It was clear to everybody that these people, wearing the same uniform, were bound together by a firm resolve not to give in; and this infuriated the crowd still more. There were, however, philosophers in its midst who, while smoking away at their pipes, tried to pacify the more violent opponents of the strike.

"Eh! Signor! What is to be done if there is not enough money to buy macaroni for the children?"

In groups of twos and threes stood the municipal police, looking very spruce, and regulated the horse traffic which the crowd threatened to obstruct. They were strictly neutral, and looked good-naturedly upon those who denounced and upon those who were condemned, and they railed at both sides when the gesticulations and shouts reached a high pitch. To prevent serious outbreaks, a detachment of fusiliers, holding short, light rifles, stood along the houses in the narrow street. This was a rather ominous detachment in three-cornered hats, short black capes, and with two red stripes, like streaks of blood, running down their trousers.

Wrangling, jeers, reproaches, and admonition were suddenly cut short; a new current swept the crowd as if reconciling it; the strikers looked gloomier still, and pressed closer together. Voices in the crowd called out: "Soldiers!"

A jeering and triumphant shout at the strikers resounded. The soldiers were met with shouts of welcome. A fat man in grey, and wearing a Panama hat, commenced to dance, clumsily changing feet on the pavement. The conductors and drivers slowly forced their way through the crowd towards the car; some ascended the platforms; the angry shouts made them still more sullen, and they scowled at the onlookers as they made their way through the crowd. The noise subsided. By forcing their way through the angry crowd they divided it into smaller groups which seemed to become animated by a new spirit, less noisy and more humane.

With a light dancing step from the Santa Lucia Quay came little grey soldiers, stamping their feet regularly, and mechanically swinging their left arms. They seemed to be made of tin, and as frail as factory-made toys. They were led by a tall handsome officer, his brows knit, his mouth distorted by a sneer. A fat man in a silk hat ran by his side talking to him all the time, and cutting the air with his innumerable gestures.

The crowd drew back from the cars, the soldiers, like grey beads, became scattered alongside the cars; the strikers remained on the platforms.

The man in the silk hat and some others who surrounded him swung their arms wildly and shouted:

"The last time . . . 'Ultima Volta'! D'you hear?"

The officer twisted his moustache, his head drooping. A man waved his silk hat, and ran up to him saying something in a hoarse voice. The officer looked at him askance, standing erect, and gave the word of command in a loud tone.

The soldiers in twos and threes began to jump on the platforms of the cars. At the same time the drivers and conductors were pushed off.

This seemed to amuse the onlookers, who broke out into laughter and whistling which, however, only lasted for a moment. People drew back from the cars; their faces wearing a longer and older expression, and their eyes wide open in astonishment. They all pressed forward towards the front car.

Within a yard or two of the wheels a grey-haired driver with the face of a soldier could be seen, his cap off, lying on the rails. He lay on his back, his long moustache shooting upwards. An adroit youth, with the movements of a monkey, laid himself down by his side; a number of others followed their example.

A low murmur passed through the crowd, then voices were heard supplicating the Madonna. Some swore angrily; women screamed and groaned; boys, amazed at the unusual sight, jumped and bounced about like rubber balls.

The man in the silk hat cried out something, the officer looked at him and shrugged his shoulders. He must replace the tramway drivers by soldiers, but he had no orders to wrestle with the strikers.

Then the owner of the silk hat, surrounded by people willing to please, rushed towards the fusiliers. The latter set off, approached those lying on the rails, and attempted to lift them.

A struggle ensued. All the dusty crowd of spectators made a lurch, and howling, rushed to the rails. The man in the Panama hat pulled it off his head, threw it up in the air, and was the first to lie down by the side of a striker; he patted him on the back, and shouted something approvingly right in his face.

After him some gay, noisy people who had just come upon the scene began to throw themselves down upon the rails. They lay down laughing, making faces at each other and shouting something to the officer who, waving his gloves above the head of the man in the silk hat, was telling him something, shaking his handsome head.

Others threw themselves down upon the rails. Women deposited their baskets and bundles, boys lay down laughing, doubling themselves up like dogs trying to keep warm, rolling over and getting dirty in the dust.

Five soldiers looked at the heaps of bodies under the wheels from the platform of the front car, then laughed convulsively as they clutched the railings and threw their heads up in the air. They were now quite unlike the tin, factory-made toys.

Half-an-hour later, trams ran noisily along the streets of Naples; the victors stood on the platforms, grinning; some of them passed along the cars, calling out politely:

"Tickets!"

The passengers who handed them red and yellow slips, winked their eyes, smiling and grumbling in a good-natured way.

II.

A dense crowd of people had assembled on the small square in front of the railway station at Genoa. Workers preponderated, but there was also a number of well-dressed and well-fed people. The members of the Town Council were at the head of the crowd. The heavy city flag, skilfully sewn in silk, floated in the air, and by its side there were the many-colored banners of the workers' organisations. The gold of the tassels, of the fringe, and the cords, and the pikes on the spear-shafts glistened; silk rustled, and a buzzing sound proceeded from the crowd, which was in its holiday mood.

Above its head, on a high pedestal, was the beautiful statue of Columbus, the dreamer, who suffered so much because he believed, and who won because he believed. Even now he looked down upon the people as if saying with his marble lips:

"Only those conquer who believe!"

The musicians had placed their brass instruments at his feet round the pedestal. The brass glistened in the sun as if it were gold.

The semi-circular station building looked as if it wanted to embrace the people with its wings. One heard the heavy puffing of the steamships in the port, due to the work of the screw in the water; the clanking of chains, whistling, and shouts reached one's ears. All was quiet on the square; it was sultry, and everything was flooded by the scorching sun. On the balconies and at the windows there were fair women with flowers in their hands, and children prettily dressed in holiday attire.

A locomotive dashed into the station with a shrill whistle; the crowd fell back. Like black birds, a few crumpled hats went up in the air, the musicians seized their instruments, a few earnest middle-aged men came out of the crowd, faced it, and said something, gesticulating right and left.

The crowd moved slowly, and opened up to let a passenger out into the street.

"Who is being welcomed?"

"Children from Parma."

There was a strike in Parma. The masters would not give in, the workers, hard pressed, were sending their starving children to comrades in Genoa.

From behind the pillars of the station there came a strange procession of little folks: they were half-naked and looked shaggy in their rags, like little wild animals. They walked hand in hand, five in a row; they were very small, covered with dust, seemingly tired. Their faces were serious, but their eyes twinkled merrily and with animation; when the band played the "Hymn of Garibaldi" to greet them, a contented smile glided over the sharp emaciated features of the hungry faces.

The crowd greeted the people of the future with a deafening shout, flags were lowered before them, the brass of the instruments resounded, rendering one deaf and blind. The children were dumfounded at the reception, they fell back for a moment, and then, standing erect, they all formed one body, and hundreds of voices, as though coming forth from one breast, rent the air:

"Evviva Italia!"

"Long live young Parma!"—roared the crowd, sweeping towards them.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted the children, and entered the crowd like a gray wedge, disappearing in it.

At the windows of hotels, on the roofs of houses, handkerchiefs fluttered like white birds, flowers were showered upon the heads, and merry, boisterous shouts greeted those below.

Everything had a holiday appearance, and had become animated; even the grey granite seemed to be embellished by its bright spots.

The flags floated, hats and flowers flew up, children's heads sprung up above those of the adults, and tiny dark hands were being thrown up and down, catching the flowers and waving greetings; a continuous mighty shout rent the air:

"Viva il Socialismo!"

"Viva Italia!"

Nearly all the children were picked up by the crowd, placed shoulder high, and pressed against the broad chests of some stern men with long moustaches. The music was hardly audible in all this noise, laughter, and shouts.

Women pushed through the crowd, trying to capture the remaining new-comers, and shouted to each other.

"Do you take two, Anita?"

"Yes. And you too?"

"One for Marguerite with the stump foot —"

There was joyous excitement everywhere, holiday expressions of faces, moist and kindly eyes, and here and there the children of the strikers munched sweets or bread.

"In our time no one thought of it," said an old man with an aquiline nose, and a black cigar in his mouth.

"It is so simple!"

"Yes. Very simple and clever."

The old man took the cigar out of his mouth, looked at its end, and shook off the ashes with a sigh. Then, having noticed two children from Parma, evidently brothers, he made a stern face, straightened himself. The children looked at him with a serious mien and stood back, pressing against each other. The old man pressed his hat tightly over his head, put out his arms, sat down on his heels, and crowed like a cock in a very loud tone. The children burst out laughing as they stamped with their naked heels on the stones; the old man got up, put his hat straight, and having decided that he had done all that was necessary, he stepped aside, slightly reeling, for his legs were shaky.

A hunchbacked grey old woman, with the face of a witch, and a few coarse grey hairs on the bony chin, stood against the statue of Columbus and wept, wiping her red eyes with the end of a faded shawl. So black and disfigured, she seemed so utterly lonely in the midst of this excited crowd.

A black-haired Genoese woman came dancing and leading a little fellow of seven by the hand. He had wooden shoes on, and his grey hat reached down to his shoulders.

He shook his head in order to throw the hat on to the back of his head, but it tumbled back right over his nose. The woman pulled it off his little head, swung it high in the air, sang and laughed, the boy looked at her smiling, with his head thrown back, then he jumped up, trying to get at the hat, and they both disappeared.

A tall man with a leather apron held a girl of six with his strong bare arms, and said to the woman who walked by his side and led a boy with hair as red as fire:

"If this sort of thing catches on, you know, it will be a job to beat us, eh?"

He laughed loudly, and triumphantly threw his burden up in the blue air and caught it again, shouting in a sonorous bass tone:

"Evviva Parma!"

The people dispersed, leading or carrying away the children, only broken flowers, and paper in which the sweets were wrapped remained in the square, a merry group of blue porters, and above them the noble figure of the man who discovered the New World.

And from the street, as if from a huge organ, streamed the melodious shouts of people who go forth to meet a new life.

III.

It is a hot mid-day; somewhere a cannon is fired, producing a soft, weird sound, like the bursting of a huge rotten egg. In the air, rent by the explosion, sharp odors become more noticeable; the smell of olive oil, garlic, wine, and the heated dust becomes more acute.

The hot noise of a Southern day, enveloped by the heavy sigh of a cannon, clung for a moment to the heated stones of the pavement, and having leaped back into the air, streamed like a huge muddy river towards the sea.

The town has a gay, many-colored appearance, like the embroidered vestment of a priest; in its passionate shouts, palpitation, and groans, the song of life is heard resembling a divine service; every town is a temple built by the labor of men; all work is a prayer to the Future.

The sun has reached the zenith, the blue, heated sky is blinding, as if a fiery blue ray were descending from every point in the sky, piercing the stones of the town and the water to a great depth. The sea glistens like silk embroidered in silver as it bathes the quay by the lazy movements of its green, warm waves, and quietly sings a wise Song of the Sun, the source of life and happiness.

People covered with dust, and streaming with perspiration, hurry along to dinner, giving forth loud and merry shouts; many hurry to the beach and, undressing quickly, jump into the sea. The tawny bodies as they fall into the water look so ridiculously small, as if they were tiny dark specks in a large glass of wine.

The silky splashes of the water, the merry shouts of the refreshed bathers, the loud laughter and shrieks of children—all this and the rainbow spray of the sea, set in motion by the jumps of the people, ascend as a gay offering to the sun.

In the shadow of a large house on the sidewalk sit four masons, grey, muscular, and strong, as if they were hewn out of stone. They are preparing to have their dinner. The hoary old man, covered with dust like ashes, cuts the long loaf with a knife, and, with his sharp ravenous eye half-open, watches that one piece should not be larger than the others. A red knitted cap with a tassel covers his head and hangs down over his face; the old man shakes his large apostle-like head, and his nostrils expand as he sniffs with his long aquiline nose, as hooked as that of a parrot.

By his side on the warm stones lies, on his back, a fine young fellow, all bronzed and as tawny as a cock-chaffer; crumbs fall on his face, but he only lazily blinks his eyes and drowsily hums a tune. Two men sit leaning against the white walls of the house and doze.

A boy goes up to them with a flagon of wine in one

hand and a parcel in the other. His head is up in the air, and he shouts in a shrill tone, like a bird, not noticing that large, red, heavy drops of thick wine, glistening like rubies, ooze through the straw in which the bottle is wrapped, and fall on the ground.

The old man noticed it, laid the bread and the knife on the young fellow's breast; then waving his hand in an excited way, he called to the boy—

"Hurry up, you blind one! Look out—the wine!"

The boy lifted the bottle on a level with his face, cried, "Ah!" and hurried up to the masons. They all began to stir, and shouted in an excited way, feeling the flagon. The boy, like lightning, darted off into a yard close by, and just as precipitously out again with a large, deep, yellow bowl in his hands.

The dish was put on the ground, and the old man carefully poured out into it a red, live stream—four pairs of eyes watch the play of the wine, and the dry lips of the men tremble in eager anticipation.

A woman in a pale-blue dress goes along. On her black hair is a golden scarf of lace, the high heels of her brown boots beat noisily against the pavement.

She leads by the hand a little curly-headed girl, who waves two bright carnations in her right hand. The girl sways as she walks along and sings:

"O ma, O ma, O, mia ma-a——"

She stops short behind the back of the old man, gets up on tip-toe and peers intently over his shoulder, watching the wine stream into the yellow bowl, flowing and gurgling, as if continuing her song.

The child freed her hand from that of the woman, tore off a few petals, and having raised her hand, as dark as a sparrow's wing, threw the pink petals into the bowl of wine.

The four men moved convulsively, put up their dust-covered heads in anger—the girl clapped her hands and laughed, stamping with her little feet. The embarrassed mother tried to catch her hand, saying something in a high tone; the boy roared with laughter, doubling himself up, while in the bowl of wine the petals swam about like tiny pink boats.

The old man got a glass from somewhere, dipped out some wine with the petals, got on to his knees, and bringing the glass to his lips, said in a calm and serious way:

"It matters not, signora! The gift of a child is the gift of God. . . . Your health, beautiful signora, and yours also, my child! May you be as beautiful as your mother and twice as happy!"

The mother, bowing and smiling, turned away, leading by the hand the little girl, who kept swaying and dragging her little feet along the stones, and blinking her eyes as she sang:

"O, ma-a . . . O, mia, mia-a——"

The masons slowly turn their heads and look at the wine and at the retreating girl; they smile, and their pliant southern tongues are busy relating something.

In the cup, on the surface of the dark red wine, the pink petals swim about.

The sea sings, the town trembles, the bright sun glistens, creating fairy-tales.

MAXIM GORKY.

(Translated by ALEXANDER SIRMIS.)

The Drama.

THE STAGE AND THE NOVEL.

"Esther Waters." By George Moore. Produced by the Stage Society at the Apollo Theatre on Monday, December 11th.

THE dramatised novel is rarely a successful form of art; the leisurely, diffused development of the novel does not lend itself to the sharper, more concentrated movement which gives life to the stage-play. Melodrama may answer to melodrama. "East Lynne" is equally well or ill as a novel or as a play; and much higher types of Victorian novelists who, like Charles Reade, wrote with

their eyes continually on the stage, and had a heightened melodramatic style, have always played fairly well. But the more subtle, the more conscientious, the artist, the closer his approach to the long truth about life, the less amenable he becomes to the dramatic medium. Therefore, I did not look forward to Mr. George Moore's dramatised version of "Esther Waters" with much hope; and I had neither hope nor any other kind of interest in the stage version of Mr. Hichens's "Bella Donna." The latter is a book with a worthless theme; hard and false alike in subject and in treatment, and therefore unassociated with literature or art. The former is a beautiful book on a theme of great human significance. Unfortunately, this theme does not appear as *the* theme of the play—it is a leading theme, but it does not draw into itself the entire scheme and coloring of the drama, and give it the unity of conception which flows from treating the madness of Ajax, or the hypocrisy of Tartuffe, or the wisdom of Nathan the Wise, as the governing subjects of the plays that bear those far-sounding names.

The subject of "Esther Waters" is quite worth this vivid, concentrated, dramatic treatment, for it happens to be the most ancient and sacred of all. You can state it quite coarsely and contemptuously, as critics of the type of Mr. Walkley state it, and find nothing worth a gentleman's notice in the story of a kitchen-maid seduced by a footman and making a great fight of it with the world to keep herself "respectable" and her baby alive. But Mr. Moore, being an artist, and with a certain noble keenness for his theme—feeling it indeed to be one of the things that raise life to the stars—has made this girl's struggle an heroic adventure of Motherhood, full of poetry and truth. Heroism it is, for Esther has to fight with people who would murder her child and destroy her soul, and it is the strength and multiplicity of the forces working against her, and her own cheerful vigor and power of resistance, which make the conflict interesting and significant. Incidentally, Mr. Moore has introduced a great deal of the stuff of the human comedy, and has made almost a second play out of the mighty amusement and delusion of gambling on horses and the various types of scoundrel and devotee, honest man of business and half-honest adept, who exist by and for the giving and taking of the "odds." These people make between them a great part of the British nation. Like the Insurance Bill, they unite kitchen and drawing-room in a common passion; they provide conversation for a lifetime, excitement for every waking hour, hope up to the moment when hope yields to the pale flashes of doubt or the final sickness of despair. Scores of books and plays have been written about this great national pursuit and evil, but nothing so good, so moral, as "Esther Waters." Mr. Moore does not indeed tell us much about the aristocracy of the gambling set. He keeps, in the main, to the plebeian side of the racing-stable—to the jockeys and footmen and touts. But both his theme and his sub-theme are vital and pertinent matter for the man of letters, and the book which dealt with them was one of the great English novels of the late nineteenth century, and, in my view, will hold its place.

But Mr. Moore committed an error when he tried to dramatise "Esther Waters." For Mr. Moore's genius is not dramatic. He is a careful, diffuse artist, painting with great pains and deliberate labor, and an often inadequate and halting imagination; not an incisive critic, like Mr. Shaw, flashing retorts and quips at his audience as he goes along, least of all a master with the rigorously refined method and rare dramatic vision of Ibsen. So he fails when he tries to compress his idea of Esther into a study for the theatre. All the girl's long, splendid toil; her weakness, her strength, her loyalty, her battle with life, her acceptance of it, her moral views and judgments, fall admirably into a composition on the scale of Mr. Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale." But when these things are stiffened into the conventional dramatic mould by a writer who lacks a natural genius for the theatre, they lose their original freedom and grace of outline. Esther loses the sweetness, the humility, the patience, of the original. She is always fuming and raging, taking a knife to William

when he deceives and deserts her; snatching her child from the baby-farmer; or "ragging" the two men who dispute her love. We lose sight of the child, and regain it; but the lofty and passionate toil of motherhood is often forgotten or obscured. Esther becomes the servant-girl who has had a child, and married its father, and kept a "public" where racing men resort, and gone back to her old service. This is ordinary life—uninspired, unrealised life, lacking the vivid commentary which the thinker and artist supply. But Mr. Moore's novel made these things almost as interesting as Christian's battle with Apollyon in the Valley, and gave them the same moral character. Here and there, indeed, something of the author's original theme survived his unfortunate transformation of it. Miss Clare Greet made a wonderful baby-farmer; and as there is no more perfect artist on the stage than Miss Cicely Hamilton, it is not surprising that she could give the members of the Stage Society at the Apollo Theatre a vision of how saintliness looks and speaks. I suppose that prayer on the stage ought to be spoken of as a profanation; Mr. Brookfield, I am sure, would strike it out from any play which came before his censorship. In Miss Hamilton's hands it happened to yield much the most real and affecting moment of the play.

Meanwhile, it is especially unfortunate to have to record a failure of the literary and moral drama. It is clear that if the public were left to itself, there would be a great demand for one kind or another of the Morality Play. It appeals to the religious sense, long dormant, but now slowly awakening again. It is capable of great variety of type, such as the artist is always seeking. And it might enlist a new and great public for the theatre. It is therefore a pity that a serious play should not succeed at a moment when the Puritan public is driven more and more to its affrighted conclusion that the theatre is at the mercy of the Philistine rabble, and when the Government does its best to encourage the notion by setting up "Dear Old Charlie" as a fit type and guardian of its behavior. If the Nonconformist Conscience (asleep, as usual, when the real burglar is at the gate) comes to this conclusion, it is a mistaken one. The drama does exist as a serious and important critic of life. What is happening to it is that so much that is good in it has to be nursed and propped up by private enthusiasts and connoisseurs, such as the members of the Stage Society, and must meekly endure the insults and buffets which a Liberal Government administers to it as soon as it emerges from that sequestered baby-farm. I am told that our best dramatists feel themselves powerless under this last blow of Mr. Brookfield's appointment. They can do nothing; for they are under the heel of the London landlords, who will take no risks in unlicensed plays, and are now given a plain hint that they may safely enlarge the already wide area of speculation in trash. I propose to recur to the subject on a future occasion; meanwhile I hope that the serious followers of the present Government will not forget that this event has raised the most serious issue in public morals since Jeremy Collier's indictment of the Restoration drama.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN WAR?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The extremely interesting letter of "Disillusion" in your issue of November 18th raises a topic of such importance that I am surprised that the subject has not received greater attention and discussion in your columns. "Banker," whose letter appears in your issue of December 9th, does not appear to appreciate the position. The accepting houses do not, as he states, "keep cash in hand and on call sufficient to meet any emergency until things have settled down." They rely, as stated by "Disillusion," on remittances from their German clients to meet the bills

accepted for German account, and, in the event of war breaking out, it is probable that these remittances would not be forwarded from Germany, and the effect on some of the accepting houses would no doubt be very serious.

So far, I am in agreement with "Disillusion," but I cannot agree with him as to the effect on the public. In the first place, it remains to be proved whether the failure of an accepting house for the time being to pay its obligations, which in normal times would necessarily result in the bankruptcy of that house, would have the same effect when every other accepting house was more or less in the same position, and when it must be known that the solvency or insolvency of the house could not be ascertained until the war had ceased, and the accepting house knew how many of its German clients were unable to fulfil their obligations to remit money to meet the bills accepted for their account. We have no precedent in recent times for such a crisis, but there is no reason to fear that all the accepting houses would fail.

In the second place, it does not follow that the failure of the accepting houses to meet their obligations must inevitably cause a general suspension of payment among the banks throughout the country. It is true that the joint-stock banks which hold the bills would be embarrassed by their not being met at maturity, and that the securities held by such banks would be enormously depreciated; but it does not follow that the banks would treat all these bills as bad debts, or their securities as so unrealisable that the general moratorium, which "Disillusion" regards as inevitable, would be justified. On the contrary, the consequences of any such general suspension of payment on the part of the banks would be so disastrous that the Government would be compelled to come to their immediate assistance with the temporary issue of bank-notes, against what, in normal times, would be inadequate security. The paralysis of all trade which would follow a general suspension of the banks has only to be realised to show that the banks could not be allowed to suspend payment, even if they desired to do so, and that the Government would be forced to take immediate measures to enable the banks to meet their current liabilities. There is no reason to anticipate a general "run" on the banks by the public, as the mere knowledge that the Government were prepared to act in such a way would stop a panic, and probably an actual issue of notes would not be required.

The possibility of such a crisis as is apprehended by "Disillusion" is, however, sufficiently alarming, and it is absolutely necessary that the Government, if they have not already done so, should consider the question, and be prepared to act promptly should the occasion ever arise. The accepting houses must, of course, look after their own interests, as they are no doubt quite competent to do, and if they anticipate that a war with Germany would seriously embarrass, and possibly ruin them, they have no alternative but to curtail their credit to their German clients. Whether such curtailment of credit would result in London ceasing to be the banking centre of the world, and to what extent such a result would entail loss of trade to the nation, is a more difficult question, on which it would be interesting to hear an authoritative opinion.

My object in writing this letter is to point out that the embarrassment or failure of the accepting houses need not—and should not—involve the appalling consequences anticipated by "Disillusion"; but at the same time to urge that preparations should be made to meet such a possibility.—Yours, &c.,

CITY SOLICITOR.

December 12th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The question raised by your correspondent "Disillusion" is a very serious and a very difficult one. No one knows exactly what would happen in our financial world in case of a great war. One can only draw inferences from past experience.

Considering that our present financial system is one of the utmost delicacy and instability imaginable, one which sways with every passing breeze—no matter how slight—one that inflicts enormous hardships upon our wealth producers, and penalises us by reason of the mere

prosperity of rival nations (to say nothing of the losses it compels us to suffer in common with theirs), it does not require any special prophetic instinct to foretell a speedy collapse of our so-called gold basis if we were suddenly precipitated into a conflict with Germany.

When France lay at the feet of Germany and a foreign army was in possession of her capital, we actually suffered financially more than our neighbor! Our Bank-rate stood at 9 per cent., and we were within measurable distance of a bank panic, whilst the French rate never exceeded 7 per cent., and only reached this figure for twelve days—notwithstanding that, when news of the first French reverse arrived in Paris, the Bank of France had to pay out £35,000,000 in bullion within a few days!

Again, in 1907, when New York required only £12,000,000 from the Bank of England to save the United States banks from utter collapse, our Bank-rate rose to 7 per cent., and remained at this ruinous figure for ten weeks, whilst the French rate stood at 4 per cent.!

Even the mere movement of the Egyptian cotton crops—especially if they happen to be bountiful—is sufficient to penalise our trade by increasing the Bank rate 1 or 2 per cent.!

Undoubtedly a great war would compel the Government to suspend the Bank Charter Act and allow the Bank to issue notes against securities, instead of confining it to gold, according to the Act. This has saved our commerce on three different occasions in the past, and no doubt would do so again. And the average man is apt to wonder why, if a paper currency is sufficient and safe for trade purposes during periods of national crisis, it is not good enough in times of peace.

"Ah!" says the banker, "but we should then cease to be the bankers of the world"! This is the bugbear that is inevitably held in front of us. I wonder how many of your readers know what it costs the nation to maintain this position?

I have frequently asked my financial friends to specify what benefit the vast bulk of the people of this country derive from our "enviable" financial position which makes London the world's banking centre? So far I have been unable to discover any advantages at all commensurate with the evils entailed. That it is beneficial to the privileged few—to the banking class—is undoubtedly true. But look at the other side. London is the only free gold market in the world and the financiers of all nations come here for supplies.

Under the beneficent provisions of the Bank Charter Act, the Bank is compelled to pay gold on demand. Unlike the Bank of France it has no option. It is gold or bankruptcy. The consequence is that our trade is continually harassed with the movements of gold, which give us the most fluctuating Bank-rate in the world.

A graphic illustration of these variations would more nearly resemble the operation of a pump-handle than anything else. Our rate varies eight times to every single variation in the French rate, and is usually one or more per cent. higher!

With the exception of the United States—where a gigantic money and credit monopoly exists—our Bank-rate is usually the highest of any of the great industrial nations.

Now, it has been estimated that every addition of one per cent. to the Bank-rate costs the industrial and trading community of this country from £100,000 to as much as £300,000 per week, to say nothing of the check to enterprise and the depressing effect upon trade. Merchants who have to trade upon margins of 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. profit, are often compelled to stop business altogether, whilst the Bank-rate is pursuing its aeroplane flights.

This is not all. Our gold basis system limits the amount of accommodation which our bankers can offer. When gold leaves the country, credit has to be curtailed. And since business is nowadays dependent upon loans, we have the same pump-handle operation going on in connection with businesses. Employment and unemployment are similarly affected. We have the most dangerous and one of the most expensive currency systems in the world, although one of the most profitable. And, whilst the public have to take all the risks, the bankers take all the profits.

All this talk regarding the great advantages England reaps by being the world's banker, is another of the many illusions which need exposing.

What should we say if our hospital authorities began catering for the sick and maimed of other countries whilst our own were left to suffer and die unattended? The banks of this country would have all they could do to attend to the wants of our own people, if credit were offered at reasonable terms and on a reasonable basis.

But the present system tends to crush out the small producer and build up the wealthy. The ranks of the unemployed are continually being recruited by members of the middle and the lower-middle class who find it impossible to carry on their small industries through lack of banking facilities.

The banks of Germany and France devote themselves far more strenuously to assisting their own industries than ours—to whom local trade and prosperity is of comparative indifference.

The English banking system is created first, last, and all the time, to earn large dividends for shareholders. The German and French systems exist to help German and French trade first, and incidentally to earn dividends.

What this country requires above all things is a truly National banking system, run under free conditions and adapted to supply the wants of British trade and British industries, furnishing a currency which does not require an increase in the Bank-rate to keep it from leaving the country, but one which can only circulate at home—a currency that can be increased automatically to meet the increased demand which an ever-growing trade requires.

With the establishment of such a system, we should not have so much to worry about, in the event of a war with Germany or any other power, as we have at present.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR KITSON,

(President Banking and Currency Reform League).
December 11th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As you have opened your columns to a discussion of this subject, on which there seems to be much difference of opinion, it may be worth while to repeat some sentences from the speech of Herr Bebel to the Socialist Congress at Jena this autumn. He said:—

"Our army and navy patriots demand more armaments and more battleships. In England they are doing the same, and yet everybody knows the catastrophe to which this policy is leading. A European war must have fearful consequences. Millions of bread-earners would be called away from their families; numbers of factories would become idle; thousands of traders be bankrupt; the fall in Stock-exchange values would turn well-to-do people to pauperism; the prices of food, which are now so disastrously high, would rise fabulously; all these things point to famine and misery! No one can realise the feeling that would be created. The existence of society would then indeed be at stake, but this would be brought about, not by Socialism, but by the middle and upper classes who clamor so vigorously for war. Even our Clericals seem to be thirsting for it. If it broke out, their prayers would be offered from 50,000 German pulpits for our success; but as the English, French, Italian, and Spanish Christians would offer similar prayers, and there is only one international God, I imagine He must be in great difficulty as to which nation He should favor."

Surely it is a much safer and saner policy to insist on the decrease of war preparations and on the settlement of disputes by an international tribunal than, as your correspondent, "Disillusion's Brother," advocates, to make this (or any other country) "so strong that an antagonist has no chance of success."—Yours, &c.,

PAX.

December 13th, 1911.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

THE WOMAN AS VOTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To express an opinion inimical to the consummation of Adult Suffrage, will, perhaps, be looked upon as inconsistent with the true democratic ideal; and yet, no matter how acute our sympathies be with the demands women are making, the imminent possibility of their being

fully enfranchised must be regarded with misgiving. A glance at what has happened in Australia, where universal suffrage has been in practice for some years, will show what dramatic results may be looked for. Not very long ago, Labor held a position in local politics very similar to that occupied at the present moment by the Irish Party at Westminster. It is now the predominant influence throughout the country, both in State and Federal Legislatures. In place of the old party divisions of Liberal and Conservative, Free Trade and Protection, and the like, Labor opposes a strong front against the rest of the community. This has been brought about solely by the advantage which one party has been able to take of womanhood suffrage at the expense of all the others.

To illustrate this point, take, first of all, an example of independent feminine voting. In a middle-class family, with which I am well acquainted, there are four daughters and a mother, all in possession of the vote. The father is an easy-going gentleman, whose interest in politics is spasmodic, and his influence over his family nil. At a recent State election, two of the daughters were not sufficiently interested to vote at all, and another, following a conventional instinct, stuck to her own side because the candidate was "nice." The mother and the remaining daughter plumped for the Laborite—the latter because he had recently lost a son under tragic circumstances, the former because she thought the parliamentary income would be useful for the wife's housekeeping expenses. Incidentally, there was a referendum being taken on the subject of prohibition, and one of the girls tossed her ballot paper aside, with the remark that it was really no business of hers whether people drank or not. Nor is this an isolated or exaggerated instance; women have not been educated to use the vote, and, where left to their own resources, are almost invariably sentimental or negligent.

A very different state of affairs, however, is found among the laboring classes. Here there may be a considerably lower standard of intelligence, and just as little interest in politics, but, none the less, the woman's vote goes in solidly for the party. The party attends to that, and where any unwillingness is expressed, the master of the house is not above using violence to enforce his wishes. This is where the labor organisation scores heavily. No thinking is necessary; obedience is all that is asked for, and that can be obtained by methods which might be repugnant to its more highly-cultured opponents.

It is not to be believed that the Labor Party in this country will be slow to seize its advantage, should womanhood suffrage be introduced, and what has happened in Australia will undoubtedly happen here. In the new country, with a population of little more than four millions, no great harm can come while the women are awakening to an understanding of their duties. There the lines of demarcation between the governing and the governed have never been so strong as they are here, and the laboring man has less to forgive and nothing to forget. But in England, with its doctrine of repression and its intensely complicated problems of government, both foreign and domestic, the advance must be made much more cautiously. The time is not yet ripe for an absolute democracy, and whether the work done has been good or ill, the present system must remain in force a little longer. The masses are bestirring themselves, acquiring a sense of power and responsibility, but they are not yet fully equipped to challenge the old order. The times are troublous, and the acutest period lies ahead. When they have emerged from the crisis, chastened and experienced, and men of proved worth been found among them, then, but not till then, will it be advisable to entrust women with full citizen rights.

To judge from the evidence before us, however, the window-smashing section of the softer sex will not be content to wait so long. But their importunities must not be allowed to interfere with good government. This must be impressed upon them gently but firmly, both by Magistrates and Ministers. Men's interests and theirs are not so widely divergent as to make a revival of the medieval practice of martyrdom necessary, and very few of the disabilities under which women labor can be set right by Act of Parliament.

If, on the other hand, the Government considers itself bound to satisfy, in part, the women's claims, let it pro-

ceed solely with a view to educating the recipients. Some scheme can surely be devised whereby a limited number in each grade of society will be enfranchised; and on their use or abuse of the privilege let the extension of it depend. Men have had to wait a great many years for their full rights, so that women ought not to complain at being asked to serve some sort of novitiate first.—Yours, &c.,

NORMAN M. KEOWN.

6, Upper St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

THE TACTICS OF THE W.S.P.U.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hope—and knowing his real love of liberty, I will add, I believe—that Mr. Nevinston must by now be regretting the letter you published in your last week's issue. It was almost certainly penned in a fit of generous enthusiasm for a losing party. I recognise and I do homage to the generosity, but I ask him not to confine his generous impulses too narrowly.

He speaks of the "unctuous gratitude" of the "other suffrage societies"; of their having "taken their orders on the knee"; of their having "drawn their self-righteous skirts around them, lest they should touch women who could not submit so easily," &c. It is unreasonable of Mr. Nevinston to recognise that a certain course of action is wise and statesmanlike, and to recommend its adoption, and then to glorify as the only heroes those who are so unreasonable as to refuse to take it. Mr. Nevinston himself wrote that the best course in the interests of the enfranchisement of women would be to do the best we could with the Government offer. The National Union did not wait for his advice; its Executive had already decided on its course of action. There was no "unctuous gratitude"—on the contrary; there was no abject humiliation on the part of the National Union. Quite simply we said we proposed to wipe out the insult of the exclusion of women from the Reform Bill by doing our utmost to secure their inclusion, and I submit that this is quite as dignified a way of wiping out this particular insult as breaking windows or disturbing meetings, and it has the advantage of helping our fellow-women much more effectively. We have not done much "protesting." We kept our breath to cool our porridge, and it was we who obtained the definite pledges which have so cleared the ground for future action.

As for our condemnation of violence: if people were a little more intelligent, or if the W.S.P.U. were a little less adept at advertisement, we might hope that the average man, and still more the average politician, might understand that we do not approve their ways, without our repeating it so often. But the dull fact remains that methods of advertisement hold the public eye and ear, and we care far too much for the cause to allow it to be hindered by them more than we can help.

In such a huge organisation as the National Union, where independence of thought and expression is encouraged, it is certain that there are endless shades of opinion about the W.S.P.U., and I know that many members of the National Union believe they have done a great deal of good. I am not alone, however, in thinking that, even if this be true, they have also done an almost immeasurable amount of harm, and that not so much in the directions patent to all, but in the horrible system of spiritual tyranny which they have somehow established, which makes otherwise rational people talk as if there were something unspeakably despicable in daring to express the mildest criticism or utter the gentlest chaff. I resent this tyranny with all my independence. Women should not be immune from criticism by their fellow-women; it is utterly demoralising to them.

It is really stupid of Mr. Nevinston not to recognise sincerity when he finds it in constitutional suffragists. A distaste for ill-directed violence is not necessarily cowardice. There is something not a little "self-righteous" in his denunciations of us. We are not the sort of women who "draw our skirts away." We care immensely for the liberty of the spirit, and some of us are much more interested in diplomacy, negotiation, the arts of understanding and convincing than in the cruder methods of bullying which are being dignified by the name of "revolt." I am horribly

bored by these methods, which tend to spoil a much more delicate and much more penetrating and permanent art. I notice that Mr. Nevinston uses the analogy of war for our work of emancipation. To me, at any rate, the methods of war are the clumsiest and last that should ever be resorted to. They are the weapon of despair, and I am not in despair at all. But the methods of the W.S.P.U. are not even war. To harry and persecute and pursue into private life a number of politicians is neither magnificent nor war.

People obsess us with the W.S.P.U. We are always being adjured to consider them and spare them and save their face, and we have done an infinite deal of all these things; but some of us are finding it intolerable to have thrust upon us as spokeswomen for our cause and our sex women with whom we are in such profound disagreement. I, for one, will not. I would rather be loyal to my own conception of reason and right than to any theory of sex-loyalty laid down by a self-chosen oligarchy. Right knows no sex.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK (N.U.W.S.S.).

December 12th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Grateful though one is to Mr. Henry Nevinston for championing the woman's cause in his letter of December 7th, there yet seem to be one or two objections to the militant policy worth pointing out, in no "self-righteous" spirit, but rather with a heart that aches for the centuries of oppression and wrong that have driven women to this clumsy and unimaginative method of claiming equality with men. In a very different sense from Katharine, one might say, "I am ashamed that women are so simple" as to think that breaking windows and slapping policemen's faces can do aught but weaken the growing bond of common interest between man and woman which is surely the soil from which all needed reforms must grow, as infallibly as flower from root. In these days of wide opportunities for woman, this bond is being gradually and surely strengthened, so that the granting of the vote must be only a question of a little more or a little less time, since men are becoming aware that the binocular vision is fully as necessary in politics as in every other relation of life. Cannot we—I appeal to women—be generous enough to give our hard-working legislators credit for a real effort to settle this very complicated question of the franchise on a just foundation? Is it not a little "touchy" of us, and a sign of an overstrained condition of nerves, to be so ready to assume that the Manhood Suffrage Bill is an "unparalleled affront" to the whole of enlightened womanhood? The homely saying, "One thing at a time," appeals very much to an order-loving mind, and though yielding to none in my enthusiasm for the highest forms of woman's emancipation, it yet appears to me perfectly natural that one great question should be disposed of before we grapple with another. It seems, indeed, as if the most obvious way of dealing with that other question would be to let it arise naturally in dealing with the first, the two being indissolubly linked together; and if, in consequence of this wider and more fundamental way of dealing with the subject, the Conciliation Bill is killed, I, for one, should not be chief mourner at its funeral. For it is at best a compromise, and has an element of deceit which is surely unworthy of a question bound up with the liberties of the English people. If we have a democratic franchise at all, could we ever have been content with this timid process by which the woman of property's poorer sister, who, in a wider sense, constitutes the "people," may creep into the polls, some day, by clinging on to the lady's silken skirt? Finally, I would ask whether, in view of the undoubted and righteous movement for the emancipation of woman in all departments of life—a movement which so large a number of just and high-minded men, in Parliament and elsewhere, support—we are not sacrificing things, precious and irreplaceable to the commonwealth of men and women, by an over-great impatience for this one reform (what are fifty years in relation to the centuries by which social evolution is measured?)—a reform which, if we were true to the highest possibilities of womanhood, shown in militant and non-militant alike, we might not improbably find men thrusting upon us, knowing that they could do without our help no longer in the

guidance of the State? Would not this be better than our copying the worst methods of brutalised men, and engendering in our own souls and in the hearts of our brothers a hardness, bitterness, and mistrust which it will take years to destroy?—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

27, Cheyne Walk, S.W.
December 10th, 1911.

MATERNITY ALLOWANCES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—According to Mr. Masterman, the maternity allowance of 30s. is not all for the benefit of the mother. It goes to provide the father with a net profit of 12s. 8d.

The mother is to produce a baby a year for the father to gain 12s. 8d. each time. Even a baby every eighteen months will provide its father with a substantial profit. Fancy the baby insuring its father! It is, as Mr. Masterman remarks, a great scheme, greatly conceived. It should be very popular.—Yours, &c.,

KATHARINE PARSONS.

December 9th, 1911.

THE RAILWAY SETTLEMENT AND CASUAL LABOR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I note, with some satisfaction, in to-day's papers that some of the railway companies have now agreed to pay their casual laborers in the goods-yards at the same hourly rates as the permanent men. Assuming that £1 is paid to the permanent men for a week of sixty hours, this will work out at 4d. per hour, and involve a rise to numbers of men in the goods-yards in various parts of the country who have been receiving 3½d. an hour for a few hours or a few days of employment when they are required. I hope that the men will exhibit a proper spirit of gratitude.

Meanwhile, the Post Office will soon be engaging thousands of casual workers for dealing with the Christmas pressure. It is not uncommon for such men to be paid less than sixpence an hour. Unfortunately there are only too many men who are grateful for this dole of work, and would gladly accept the opportunity of obtaining a Christmas dinner at almost any rate of wages. But is it not an act of consummate meanness on the part of the State to take advantage of such men's necessities? The London County Council recognises a minimum wage of 5d. an hour even for the casual charwomen who are employed in cleaning the schools. Twenty years ago the President of the Local Government Board played an honorable part in securing the "dockers' tanner," and establishing a moral minimum wage of sixpence an hour for this class of labor. Will not some members of Parliament put pressure on the Postmaster-General to secure that not less than 6d. an hour shall be paid to the casual Post Office workers at Christmas, or at any other time of the year, in every part of the United Kingdom? Economy is now the rule in the Post Office, and unless postmasters are given rigid instructions they are tempted to gain credit by nibbling even at the wages of casuals. Surely 6d. an hour is a moral minimum wage for any sort of purely casual worker! The members of the Government might eat their Christmas dinners with a better conscience after taking a small step towards the enforcement of such a minimum.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC HILLERSON.

December 12th, 1911.

"THE VILLAGE LABORER."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will everybody read this book? Will quite everybody read it? Will all village clergy buy it and lend it to their brightest and most promising young men? I earnestly ask them to do so.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. GALES.

Gedney Vicarage, Holbeach,
December 8th, 1911.

EUGENICS AND POLITICS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Why is it that such an enlightened organ as *THE NATION* can seldom resist the temptation to attack Eugenics in the prejudiced and unscientific form of a book review? In this respect *THE NATION* acts in harmony with another leading journal of Liberalism which seems determined not to give the national science of Eugenics a fair hearing.

In your review of a work on "Race-Regeneration," by Dr. Saleeby, the reviewer criticises the author's appeal for education in parenthood as an essential part of the religious education of the future by praying that it may be long "before such a monstrous proposition has any chance, of becoming involved in the scheme of things." Why "monstrous"? If anything is calculated to make for real regeneration, surely it is a system of education which shall, in years of adolescence, make plain the laws of inheritance which alone can give that sense of racial responsibility which forms the highest incentive to individual good-citizenship. No system of education is true which does not foster this feeling of responsibility towards the race, and include in its curriculum a study of parentage and human heredity.

Pursuing his unbalanced course, your reviewer says that "nothing is more likely to give rise to derangements of the nervous system" than immature study of questions of sex. Surely the reverse is the case? We are breeding a neurasthenic and neurotic race for the very reason that the most vital information adolescence ought to possess is viciously withheld. We make no attempt to picture the pre-manhood years as a period of self-discipline and a preparatory school for selective mating. Those who manage to reach adult life without cause for regret find that they have overcome ignorance only to be mastered by propinquity—the greatest matrimonial agency in social England to-day.

No sane Eugenist hopes to breed infant Newtons and Shakespeares as Mendel did his peas, but Eugenics does claim, when once the factor or factors controlling a desirable character have been determined, that it is possible to control the distribution of that character or those characteristics among the individuals of the species in which it is found. This, coupled with the elimination of the unfit as a negative process, will tend towards the modification of our population along a line to be desired by true social reformers of all parties.

There is a tendency among Liberal thinkers to regard Eugenics as a giant stud-groom, but nothing could be further from the truth. Eugenics is a fight for facts and the pioneers are not to be deterred by those who have, in the words of Professor Karl Pearson, "set up their banners, blown their trumpets, and proclaimed their shibboleths, and will have nothing which cannot be used for their own purposes."

An interesting example of the desire of partisans to obscure the true issue, even at the expense of racial welfare, is to be found in a recently issued Eugenics Laboratory lecture. It was desired to gather statistics as to the effect of married women's labor upon the health and physique of offspring. A section of so-called reformers who held violently preconceived notions upon the question protested against the attempt at truth lest the result should shatter their theories, theories upon which they were conducting a social-political campaign. The result of scientifically conducted investigations showed that so far from the actual industrial employment of the mother being the dominant factor acting upon the infantile death-rate, it had to be placed a long way down the list, and priority given to other factors which the "reformers" were either ignorant of, or had purposely closed their eyes to.

No political party (least of all Liberalism, which will shortly have to fight for its life between Tory democracy and Labor) can afford to adopt any other attitude towards Eugenics than that of a willing pupil.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED S. REEVE.

5, Elm Grove, Southsea,
December 12th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your issue of December 9th contains a review of my "New Tract for the Times," published by the National

Council of Public Morals, under the title, "The Methods of Race-Regeneration." I will not follow in detail, from sentence to sentence, the most astonishing sequence of misrepresentations I have ever read, and your reviewer's bias is so evident that the task is superfluous. But I will quote his second paragraph as an example of his methods. It runs as follows:—

"In the chapter on positive methods, the reader's hopes are raised to their highest point, for we are told that it might be possible by a careful selection of parents and adequate nurture to bring to birth infant Newtons and Shakespeares."

I was arguing against the view that eugenics disposes of the need of nurture, and wrote:—

"It might be that genetics attained such perfection, and society gave it such opportunity, that we could actually bring to birth infant Newtons and Shakespeares and Platos and Nightingales. But they would require nurture like everyone else."

You will appreciate the nice honor of your reviewer's paraphrase.

In the next sentence he says I give him to understand that the educationalist "says that he does not know what to aim at." What I said was that the educationalist accuses the eugenicist of not knowing what to aim at, and I reply that I accept the educationalist's ideal.

And so on, from line to line of a review which is comparable with nothing in my experience.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. SALEEBY.

December 14th, 1911.

[We cannot see how the first sentence quoted by Dr. Saleeby does his argument any injustice.—ED., NATION.]

THE PEOPLE AND THE CENSORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Birrell, mistakes my views on the Censorship. I demand its abolition, holding, as do many other people who have considered the matter, that the common law and the licensing laws together (laws for the licensing of theatres—not plays, if you please) are ample to control the drama. It is not a question of comic plays or serious plays, or of Mr. Birrell's taste in them, or mine. It is a question of civil liberty. But until that is attained, one may agree that Mr. Birrell's witty paradox (though may I confess to wearying a little of witty paradoxes on the subject?) points out to the Lord Chamberlain his only path. Let him do nothing but pocket his fees; for whatever he does seems only to cover the poor wretch with yet more ridicule.

May I trespass on your space a little further? I have just returned from the North of England. One can find there an ever-growing movement for the establishment of repertory theatres. It is a movement of the citizens themselves to provide for themselves that modern vital drama with which London (under the fostering care of the Lord Chamberlain) no longer supplies them, which the new co-reader of plays so despises. The meetings in furtherance of this movement which I addressed were made up not—thank Heaven!—of Artistic people (artistic with a capital A) nor of society people—thank Heaven again!—but of men and women who think they can find in the theatre, as it might be, the intellectual and emotional stimulus of which the good citizen stands in need; of which our whole democracy, with its myriad interests and responsibilities, will, if, as a political machine, it is to work at all, stand more and more in need. Now, when these people have made their theatre the sort of secular meeting-house for the give-and-take of ideas and opinions that they mean to make it, will they—I ask anyone who knows the stuff of which they are made—will they abide by the opinion of an irresponsible Court official, stuffed away in Stable Yard, St. James's, as to what is to be their dramatic meat or poison, even though that opinion be backed by a few eminent K.C.s and professors, condescending to the matter as a pleasant holiday task? Of course they won't. Incidentally, let no witty paradox-monger begin upon the dullness of meeting-houses. If Nonconformity had not felt its religion to be an absorbing, exciting thing, it would be going dully (that is, unthinkingly) to church to this day. Is a sign of this new spirit in the theatre wanted? The directors of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre (a citizen's theatre) promptly passed a

unanimous resolution of alarm at the appointment of Mr. Brookfield.

Everyone knows that something must be done. Everyone who has studied the matter, who considers the extraordinary statutory powers of the Lord Chamberlain, and his total inability to exercise them properly, who is watching the administrative muddle in which every development entangles him only the more helplessly, knows at least the direction that reform must take. There are horrified whispers about the Royal Prerogative. It is a poor compliment to a busy and business-like King to suppose that he likes to have an otherwise admirable officer of his household making a public fool of himself.

Sooner or later the Government must do something. Why don't they do it sooner, and let us have an end to this quarrelling and agitation? The theatre needs all its energies for far other uses, and needs them badly.—Yours, &c.,

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

December 14th, 1911.

THE REFORM OF MARRIAGE LAWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the evidence tendered before the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, it may be stated, without fear of refutation, that the existing English laws of Divorce and Separation are unjust, anomalous, and immoral, and that, through their denial of relief, they inflict upon vast numbers of the community a system of celibacy which is productive of some of the worst evils to society.

In consequence, it may reasonably be assumed that the Report of the Royal Commission will, when published, contain many recommendations for an alteration of these laws.

In order, however, to ensure that the Commissioners' reformatory recommendations will be placed upon the Statute Book within a reasonable time, it is essential that the extreme injustice of the present laws and the evils alluded to should be widely known, and that all right thinking men and women should espouse the cause of the many thousands who suffer under the existing system, and who are often too poor to voice their own grievances.

In the furtherance of these objects, please allow me to inform your readers, through the medium of your columns, that we shall be pleased to send, freely on application, a pamphlet which briefly states the case for reform.—Yours, &c.,

L. SHOETENSACK, Secretary,
The Divorce Law Reform Union.

20, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

Poetry.

INDIAN LOVE. (FROM THE SANSKRIT.)

VISAGE of saffron,
Eyes of gazelle,
Had the Maker beheld her,
This I know well:
Forth from His presence
She never had strayed;
But if with closed eyelids
He had essayed
To fashion such beauty,
He never could mate her;
Therefore the universe
Lacks a creator:
Buddha, thy doctrine
Is proved by the maid.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson." Edited by E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbess. Vols V. and VI. (Constable. 6s. net each.)
- "Emblems of Love, Designed in Several Discourses." By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Lane. 5s. net.)
- "John Lavery and His Work." By Walter Shaw Sparrow. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Life in Shakespeare's England: A Book of Elizabethan Prose." Edited by J. D. Wilson. (Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life of Saint Teresa." Adapted from the French by Alice, Lady Lovat. (Herbert & Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Lysistrata of Aristophanes." The Greek Text, with a Translation and Commentary. By B. B. Rogers. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "John Opie and His Circle." By Ada Earland. (Hutchinson. 21s. net.)
- "Jennie Gerhardt." By Theodore Dreiser. (Harper. 6s.)
- "Le Génie Littéraire." Par A. Rémond et P. Voivenel. (Paris: Alcan. 5fr.)
- "Maximilien Robespierre." Par Raymond Clauzel. (Paris: Société d'Imprimerie et de Librairie. 3fr. 50.)

A MOST valuable service to readers has been performed by Dr. G. K. Fortescue, the Keeper of the Printed Book Department at the British Museum. This consists in the preparation of a subject-index, which has now reached five volumes, contains nearly 3,000 entries, and covers all the modern books received at the Museum from 1880 to 1910. The General Catalogue of the Museum, begun by Panizzi in 1837, is by far the largest of the kind in the world, and occupies 393 volumes. It is, however, purely a catalogue of authors, and therefore of small use to those who require a book on a particular subject, but do not know the names of the authors who have written on that subject. Dr. Fortescue realised this when he became Superintendent of the Reading-room, in 1884; and he began at once on his subject-index of books. He decided not to adopt the class-catalogue system, which groups books under sweeping headings, such as "History," "Biography," "Topography," and "Belles Lettres," and chose the better plan of classing each book under the subject to which it belongs. Thus, by consulting the index, a reader can immediately find a list of books on, say, the French Revolution, Aviation, or Puritanism.

AN entertaining volume of essays might be written on such subjects as "The Parson in Fiction," "The Lawyer in Fiction," "The Horse in Fiction," "The Soldier in Fiction," and so forth. We have been reminded of this by reading Dr. Squire Sprigge's article "Medicine in Fiction," in the current number of the "Cornhill Magazine." Dr. Sprigge takes the line that where an author has introduced a medical episode for the mere sake of helping his story along he should not be blamed for faultiness of detail. But when he insists on the correctness of his science, then a lapse from strict accuracy is a serious blot on his work. The favorite diseases among novelists are those of the heart and of the lungs. Dr. Sprigge says that the heart-disease of fiction is "a polite sort of disease, and has few or no premonitory symptoms; it is found out suddenly by the doctor, who issues the warning that at any moment the victim may fall down dead; and, sure enough, at the right moment, down he or she falls." In contrast with this general practice, Maupassant's "Une Vie" is mentioned as a novel in which a definite description of cardiac disease is given accurately. Dr. Sprigge praises Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady" for its "true clinical portrait" of a case of phthisis, and he draws attention to the fact that a character in Charles Reade's "Foul Play" recovers from the same disease by a species of open-air treatment, although the book was written in 1868, when nearly every doctor thought such treatment little short of madness.

A SOMEWHAT analogous theme, "The Old Physiology in English Literature," is the subject of a degree thesis submitted to the University of London by Dr. A. P. Robin, and recently published by Messrs. Dent. Dr. Robin begins

with a chapter on "The Medical Tradition in England," in which he shows that, from Chaucer to Shakespeare, the physiology of Galen was dominant in all English writers. He then proceeds to show, by copious quotations, how the medieval notions concerning "the elements," "the humors," and the various functions of the heart, the spleen, and the bile, passed over from physiology into literature. Shakespeare's medical allusions are so many and so accurate, that Dr. Robin thinks they warrant the belief that "he had made acquaintance with medical writings at first hand." It is remarkable how men with a special knowledge of any subject are always impressed by the accuracy of the allusions and references made to it by Shakespeare.

YET another subject for one of the essays in our imaginary collection is suggested by a dainty volume just issued by Messrs. Foulis, "A Little Book of Dogs: Being the Dog Stories of Dr. John Brown." Dr. John Brown's dogs are delightful. No one can ever forget Rab, while Toby and Jock, and Wylie, and Wasp, and Crab, and Pym, who was so "full o' fechtin'," are all pleasant companions. The writer who composes the essay we have in mind will begin by re-reading Stevenson on "The Character of Dogs," he will then refresh his memory of Scott's Peppers and Mustards, study the character of Anatole France's—or should we say M. Bergeret's?—Riquet, and then—but the famous dogs of literature are innumerable. He will have abundance of material to draw from, and we hope he will send us a copy of his book when it appears.

"GIFTS of St. Nicholas: A Study in Toys" is the title of a little pamphlet, by Mrs. Godfrey Blount, which comes at a seasonable time from Mr. Fifield. Mrs. Blount treats her subject with becoming seriousness. The doll, for example, she regards as a sacred thing—"symbolic to the child, never real." "The child loves her doll, will work for it, is proud of it, and yet knows all the while that it is a doll, and no baby." Something similar has been said by Anatole France, who compared dolls with the idols by which savages attempt to display the invisible. "What," he asks, "would they be like if not idols, since they themselves are idols? Their function is absolutely religious. They represent all the religion accessible to the tenderest years. They are the cause of our first dreams. They inspire our first fears and our first hopes. Pierrot and Punch contain as much divine anthropomorphism as can be conceived by brains which are hardly formed, but are already terribly active."

A VOLUME containing several hitherto unpublished letters by John Locke will be published shortly by the firm of Martinus Nijhoff, at The Hague. The letters were addressed by Locke to his friends Nicolas Thoynard, Philippe van Limborch, and Edward Clarke, and are written in French, Latin, and English. They deal with such topics as toleration, the limits of human knowledge, and medical discoveries. The book is to be edited by Dr. Henry Ollion, who has already published a couple of volumes on Locke, with the assistance of Professor de Boer, of the University of Amsterdam.

MR. J. A. T. LLOYD, who recently gave us a study of Tolstoy and Turgenev, has almost ready a book on Dostoevsky, which will be published early next year by Messrs. Stanley Paul. Mr. Lloyd defends Dostoevsky from the old charge of apostasy in regard to the revolutionary movement, and refutes the view that he was responsible for his brother's ruin. He regards Dostoevsky as an interpreter of childhood, as a criminologist, and as the supreme psychologist of pity and suffering. The author of "Crime and Punishment" offers a fascinating theme for literary criticism, and Mr. Lloyd's intimate knowledge of Russian and French literature leads us to expect a book of great interest.

A POSTHUMOUS work by Björnsterne Björnson has just been published in Denmark. It contains a paraphrase into Norse prose of portions of Victor Hugo's "La Légende des Siècles." Björnson set great store by Hugo's poem, and was fond of reciting it in the rhythmical prose version now published.

Reviews.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

"Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers." By LIONEL JOHNSON. Edited by THOMAS WHITTEMORE. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)

FOR about six years, whenever peace broke out between 1897 and the end of 1903, I was editing the literary page of the "Daily Chronicle"; for the first part of the time, I am glad to say, under the same editor for whom I am writing this. By one means or another, I had inherited or collected a very remarkable staff of critics and reviewers. Some were men already well known in literature or science, and the younger writers have since, almost without exception, become conspicuous. Nearly all were distinguished for special knowledge or individual style; but, in my judgment at the time, the most distinguished, within his natural province, was Lionel Johnson.

One thing, perhaps, prejudiced me in his favor: I could always send his "copy" straight up to the printer without looking at it. Out of a staff of twenty-five or thirty, I think there were only three others of whom I could say the same. Every editor knows with what kindness he regards such a writer after he has toiled through his heap of illegible, careless, and often uncorrected and unread manuscripts, which all need trimming to shape and length, watching for fear of outrage or temporary insanity, and sometimes even re-writing, like a schoolboy's exercise. I admit one maddening trouble about Lionel Johnson's "copy": it was almost always late. It had to be wrung from him as by torture. Appeal after appeal remained unanswered. Messengers were instructed to sit at his door till it was done. But when it came it was like the late guest who appeases even the hungry dinner-party by her charm. There it smiled—legible as a fine ancient missal; hardly touched by erasure, though carefully re-read; exceeding limits neither in space nor expression; direct in style, each sentence finished and firmly set; and the whole permeated with a knowledge that could be felt unseen. One had only to write in the corner, "Page 3; brgs.; must to-night," and the editor's task was over.

But one midnight, nine years ago, just as the leader proofs and all were done, someone came running from St. Bartholomew's to say an unknown man had been brought in unconscious, and the only guide was some card or letter of mine in his pocket. Lionel Johnson was lying in the accident ward, and, having seen many cases of fractured skull, I recognised what was the danger. He had slipped and fallen in Fleet Street, striking his head against a curb or pillar. The bone was very thin and fragile. He never recovered consciousness, and, with Catholic rites, we buried him at Kensal Green. He was only thirty-five—two years short of the age so often fatal to genius; and undoubtedly he was one of the finest critics and most poetic natures of his time.

He was English born and bred, a Winchester boy, an Oxford man, and not a Catholic until after he was full-grown. But, like most English people, thank Heaven! he had a deep strain of the Celt running in him; more Welsh than Irish, I think, but partly Irish too. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago, the romantic attraction of Ireland was irresistible to a nature like his. It was new to us, and full of unknown promise. The very name of Ireland was surrounded with a glimmering beauty. "The Mother of the bleeding heart," "the Mother with the crown of stars around her head," the "Rose of all roses, Rose of all the World," stirred a passion of devotion such as has been given to the Virgin-Mother herself in the times of her persecution. She stood transfigured with the glory of suffering, consecrated by the halo of stupidity's hatred, encompassed by perils from the dulness that would reform her into a serviceable matron, and illuminated by the gleams of ancient sacrifice and fresh self-sacrificing worship. The foul treachery of political intriguers, which time after time had dashed her hopes when victory was within reach, only intensified the magic of her charm. There was shed around her the mystic splendor that attends a spiritual and bodily beauty entangled in unhappiness. Already a new poetry was gathering about her name, and Lionel Johnson could not

resist its appeal. Between Parnell's death and the death of Johnson himself, that was the most distinctive poetry uttered in English. Other real poets may be reckoned—Francis Thompson, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Watson; even Mr. Kipling was a poet once or twice. But the deepest and most significant poetry of those years was the poetry inspired by passionate worship of an Ireland of the spirit. To that worship Lionel Johnson devoted himself—I think almost from his undergraduate days—and his devotion grew.

For the last ten years of his life he never regarded himself as anything but an Irishman. He, in conjunction with Mr. Yeats, was himself one of the chief instruments in transforming the traditional misuse of English metres and language by Irish poets. His position may seem strange, but the strangest part of it was his acceptance by the Irish themselves. For an alien to adopt Ireland as his spiritual mother, much as some people adopt aliens as their children, is nothing new. The process has been going on since the English invasion. But I doubt if Ireland would either welcome or admit the claim of such an adoption by an English-born and English-speaking poet now. It is possible also that Johnson would no longer be drawn to the country by the same passion; for he was one over whom sorrow and wrong have more power than incipient prosperity and political success. "Go from me," he says in one of his poems; "go from me; I am one of those who fall." And it was the nobly fallen, the apparent failures, the proud under oppression that called out his finest sympathy.

But his poems are to form another volume (there are to be three volumes of his works in all). To-day we have only this collection of his essays and critical papers, gathered from the old "Academy," "The Speaker," "The Outlook," and other papers. Mr. Thomas Whittemore, who edits the book, says the contributions to the "Daily Chronicle" were anonymous, but I think he must be mistaken; my recollection is that, while I was editing that page, Lionel Johnson's essays were signed without exception. In the interest of the paper I must have inserted his signature. Besides, I have always thought that work of that high order should be signed. I may have been in Africa or somewhere when most of these essays appeared, but I seem very well to remember my pleasure in receiving the "St. Francis" and "Thomas à Kempis." It is of no importance, however, for Lionel Johnson's signature ran in every line, and now, in reading the essays again after ten years, I recognise the same great qualities—a sensitive perception of beauty guided by sanity, and a passion always under austerity's control.

As one reads, one perceives that literature, or perhaps only journalism, has changed a little since Johnson's time. I doubt if a daily paper would insert these essays now, even if it could get them. There is no flash or epigram about them, hardly any "sparkle," no crazy and attractive paradox or topsy-turvy judgment. They seem rather old-fashioned already in their clearness and sanity. They never startle; they only judge, explain, appreciate, and illuminate. They are the work of a soul whose prayer to have a right judgment in all things has been answered. Here and there, especially in the essays of earlier dates, one feels that Johnson himself would have written a little differently now. Some of his judgments, and many of his quotations, have passed into the general thought. They have long been familiar; some have become a little weary and hackneyed with repetition by inferior men; some are victims slaughtered by the paradox of our weekly wits. Yet, when the utmost is said against them, outside the "Vie Littéraire" of Anatole France, I have known no finer examples than these essays of that rare kind of journalism which is also literature, being written with personality, delight, and passion.

One can hardly illustrate their quality by quotation, for it is a matter of proportion, continuity, and cumulative effect. But take three short examples, two literary and one personal. In the essay on Parnell we read:—

"Probably no one ever knew all that was in his unique nature: his, as an Irish writer has said, was an 'ice-clear, ice-cold intellect, working as if in the midst of fire.' The tragedy of passion which proved his fall, served but to intensify in men's eyes the intensity of his resolute temperament; the fight of his last days showed the depths of his nature breaking forth and surging up in a storm of fierce emotions. 'Once again,' he cried to a gathering of his countrymen, 'once again I am come to cast myself into the deep sea of the love of my people.' What miracles and

Books are the Best Christmas Presents.

Kindly write to Messrs. METHUEN for their new Illustrated Circular of Christmas Presents. When you go to your Bookseller, ask to see Messrs. Methuen's New Books. There will be something for every reader. If they are not in stock, kindly write to Messrs. Methuen, who will send you full particulars.

If you can only afford a shilling, you will find no better or cheaper books than METHUEN'S SHILLING NOVELS and SHILLING LIBRARY. Among the former you can buy for this sum stories by Marie Corelli, Stanley Weyman, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and Robert Hichens, and in the latter are the most popular books of Oscar Wilde and Maurice Maeterlinck, and Lives of Stevenson and Ruskin.

FOR LOVERS OF FINE POETRY.

BARRACK ROOM BALLADS; THE SEVEN SEAS, THE FIVE NATIONS; DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. By RUDYARD KIPLING. Fcap. 8vo. Glit edges. Leather, 5s. net each. Crown 8vo. Cloth, 6s. each.

FOR LOVERS OF BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

THE BLUE BIRD. A Fairy Play in Six Acts. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATOS. With 25 Illustrations in Colour. Crown 4to. Glit top. 21s. net. [Second Edition.]

"Only a true artist, sure of himself, could have entirely succeeded as you have done. These pictures, full of mysterious force, will never leave my memory."—*Extract from Letter to Artist by M. MAETERLINCK.*

"The illustrations are poetic, graceful, delicate in conception, admirably drawn."—*Truth.*

"A lovely setting to a lovely dream."—*World.*

FOR LOVERS OF LIFE.

DEATH. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATOS. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. [Third Edition in the Press.]

"A piece of literature which has all the charm of the author's gentle and courageous personality."—*Morning Post.*

FOR LOVERS OF FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW. By E. V. LUCAS. Fcap. 8vo, glit top. 5s. [Third Edition.]

"It is all brought together by the atmosphere of urbane humour, of leisure and good literature, and quickened by the gift of penetrating, but very kindly observation."—*Times.*

Ask also for Mr. Lucas's other books.

The Life of Charles Lamb—A Wanderer in Holland—A Wanderer in Paris—A Wanderer in London—The Open Road—The Friendly Town—Fireside and Sunshine—Character and Comedy—One Day and Another—The Gentlest Art—The Second Post—Her Infinite Variety—Good Company—Listener's Lure—Over Bemerton's—Mr. Ingleside.

FOR LOVERS OF GOOD ESSAYS.

FIRST AND LAST. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Fcap. 8vo. Glit top. 5s.

"Every collection of Mr. Belloc's essays is a cornucopia of ideas and impressions."—*Observer.*

Ask to see Mr. Belloc's other Essays.

FOR LOVERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. A new and enlarged edition in four volumes. Fcap. 8vo. Leather, 5s. net each; cloth, 5s. each.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By GRAHAM BALFOUR. With a Portrait and a Map. Crown 8vo, 6s. Also Fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

FOR LOVERS OF ADVENTURE.

JOHN BOYES, KING OF THE WA-KIKUYU. By JOHN BOYES. With 12 Illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"It may be doubted if any man of modern time has had such a career of adventure. . . . A narrative of blunt and vivid force."—*Times.*

FOR LOVERS OF THEIR CHILDREN.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. By KENNETH GRAHAME, Author of "The Golden Age." Crown 8vo, 6s. [Sixth Edition in the Press.]

"Absolutely delightful. It abounds in exquisite verbal descriptions."—*Country Life.*

FOR LOVERS OF "BOHEMIA."

JIMMY GLOVER: His Book. By JAMES M. GLOVER. With 18 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [Fourth Edition in the Press.]

"Full of the most delightful and unexpected bits of political and literary gossip."—*Bystander.*

FOR LOVERS OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE. By FRANK HARRIS. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"This brilliant and provocative book is a commentary which challenges by its daring insight and its frank psychology."—*Nation.*

Ask also to see volumes of "The Arden Shakespeare," each 2s. 6d. net, and the beautiful "Little Quarto Shakespeare," in leather each 1s. net.

FOR LOVERS OF ART.

THE ART OF THE ROMANS. By H. B. WALTERS. With a Photogravure and 71 Plates. Wide Royal 8vo. Glit top. 15s. net. [Classics of Art.]

"The story of Roman Art, as revealed in this volume, is of immense interest."—*Glasgow Herald.*

ETCHINGS. By FREDERICK WEDMORE. With 44 Illustrations in Colotype. Wide Royal 8vo. Glit top. 25s. net. [The Connoisseur's Library.]

"A book which is bound to become the indispensable companion of every lover of etching."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"In interpretation of his subjects Mr. Wedmore never falls of imaginative sympathy or subtle truth of expression."—*Standard.*

Ask also to see volumes of "The Connoisseur's Library," each 15s. net; "The Classics of Art," at various prices; and "Little Books on Art," each 2s. 6d. net.

FOR LOVERS OF BILLIARDS.

THE COMPLETE BILLIARD PLAYER.

By CHARLES ROBERTS. With 27 Illustrations and 285 Diagrams. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Roberts seems to have produced the best treatise extant for the beginner. The exercises are admirably graduated."—*Times.*

If you wish to give presents to sporting friends ask to see the volumes of "The Complete Series," which is a splendid library of sport and games.

THE GREAT NOVEL OF THE YEAR.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING. A Reality of

Romance. By MARIE CORELLI. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Fifth Edition in the Press.]

A distinguished author says:—"There are thousands of people, I might say millions, who feel and believe as does Miss Corelli; and to them 'The Life Everlasting' will be a revelation, and they will read it and devour it as some people read and devour the Bible or as others read and devour the Rubaiyat of old Omar."

Ask also for Marie Corelli's other Novels.

A Romance of Two Worlds—Vendetta—Thelma—Ardath—The Soul of Lillith—Wormwood—Barabbas—The Sorrows of Satan—The Master Christian—Temporal Power—God's Good Man—The Mighty Atom—Boy—Cameos—Holy Orders. Crown 8vo, 6s. each. Jane. Fcap. 8vo, 1s. net.

THE RISING SUN.

HILDA LESSWAYS. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Seventh Edition in the Press.]

"Mr. Bennett has qualities which place him in the forefront of living novelists."—*Spectator.*

"It is full of the pity and beauty of life. It is ennobling, assuaging, restoring, and healing in its vision of existence."—*Star.*

"Its minute and laborious analysis of one character must give 'Hilda Lessways' a high place in the list of Mr. Bennett's already amazing achievements."—*Punch.*

CLAYHANGER. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Crown 8vo, 6s. [Ninth Edition.]

"As long as 'The Old Wives' Tale,' but twice as good."—*Star.*

THE NOVEL FOR SPORTSMEN.

DAN RUSSEL THE FOX. By E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS, Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." Crown 8vo. 6s. [Fourth Edition in the Press.]

"A sporting novel, rich in humour, character, sentiment, and romance, and written in the authors' inimitable style."—*Spectator.*

"The book is one long delight—but not long enough."—*Evening Standard.*

"A wholly delightful excursion into Ireland . . . the savour and flavour and spirit of the Irish countryside set for sport."—*Times.*

FOR LOVERS OF COMEDY.

THE NOVELS OF W. W. JACOBS.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each. Many Cargoes; Sea Urchins; A Master of Craft; Light Freights; The Skipper's Wooing; At Sunwich Port; Dialstone Lane; Odd Craft; The Lady of the Barge; Salthaven; Sailors' Knots; Short Cruises.

SIX GOOD NOVELS.

MRS. MAXON PROTESTS (3)	Anthony Hope
UNDER WESTERN EYES (2)	Joseph Conrad
COD AND THE KING (3)	Majorie Bowen
LALAGE'S LOVERS (3)	C. A. Birmingham
PETER AND JANE (3)	S. Maonaughtan
THE UNOFFICIAL HONEYMOON (6)	Dolf Wyllarde

The figure in brackets denotes the number of editions printed, or in the press.

METHUEN & CO., LTD., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.

marvels of self-repression must have been his, who, with this fire of feeling in him, was so long its master that the world thought him austere cold and hardly human!"

The second passage is on Pascal:—

"The 'Pensées' keep up a perpetual harping upon the greatness and littleness of man, as revealed in his greatness by Christianity. 'His very infirmities prove man's greatness; they are the infirmities of a great lord, of a disrowned king.' Upon every page we think of Pascal as a baptised Lucretius, whose rolling thunders and swift lightnings come from Sinai and Calvary; he is one of the elect sad souls whose profound severity is heartening."

Older journalists will remember the chorus of neurotic excitement and admiration that greeted Marie Bashkirtseff's journal just twenty years ago. Lionel Johnson was not for a moment thrown off his balance, or disturbed in his judgment by the fashionable craze. With his usual courageous independence, he wrote:—

"After reading these volumes, the poor disbeliever in the movement is left with a sense of profound disgust. Silly petulance, ill-bred ostentation, unfathomable conceit, offensive vulgarity, and no trace of affection or of thought; these are the gifts and qualities which we are called upon to study and to admire. . . . Some lovers of extravagance and of perversion may enjoy these dismal pages, with all their outcries and affectations; to those who love the natural beauty of the natural mind, and to those who know the strength and sternness of a real sorrow, these pages must seem false and wretched, and the liking for them a melancholy sign of disordered times."

Yes; on re-reading the essays after so long an interval, it is with deep satisfaction that one discovers how justly we who knew the man could value him while he was with us, and with what natural sorrow we heard of the physical infirmity that grew upon him, and of his purposeless and haphazard death.

H. W. N.

AN IRISH LEADER.

"Irish Recollections." By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

THESE are the personal recollections of one of the most genial and kindly of men. Mr. Justin McCarthy was born in Cork City in 1830; and he has set down here all that he recollects of Ireland and of Irishmen and Irishwomen during his lifetime. The book is social and personal rather than political, though naturally and inevitably there is an infusion of the political element too. Mr. McCarthy is now eighty-one years old, and the span of his life covers a momentous period in Irish history. The present writer remembers dining on one occasion with Mr. McCarthy, John O'Leary the Fenian, and John Cashel Hoey, who in time succeeded Gavan Duffy as editor of the "Nation," and was himself one of the most brilliant writers and best-informed men of his day. Hoey, Mr. McCarthy, and O'Leary were comparing notes as to ages, and it turned out that all three were born the year after the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, 1829. "Yes," said Hoey, "and it is now fifty-five years since the passing of the Act, and there never has been an Irish Catholic in any English Cabinet." Someone named Mr. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly, an Irish Catholic, who was Postmaster-General in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1868. "Yes," said Hoey, "but he was not in the Cabinet." And so it proved to be. In 1839, when Mr. McCarthy was nine years old, Thomas Drummond, who filled the post of Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle, was engaged in the hopeless task of trying to revolutionise the English Administration in Ireland, and to bring it into harmony with popular feeling; in fact, to make the Catholic Relief Act a reality. Four years later O'Connell stood in the dock at Green Street, because he had struggled, by constitutional means, to restore the Irish Parliament, which had been destroyed in 1800. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has told us how O'Connell was tried. He says: "The most eminent Catholic in the Empire, a man whose name was familiar to every Catholic in the world, was placed upon his trial in the Catholic metropolis of a Catholic country, before four judges and twelve jurors, among whom there was not a single Catholic."

That is how Catholic emancipation was working when Mr. McCarthy was fourteen years old. Mr. McCarthy does not seem to have been much impressed as a boy by the Repeal Movement. Perhaps he was too young. But he

quickly fell under the influence of the Young Ireland Movement, and the events of 1848 made a deep impression on his mind. The Young Irelanders were a literary as well as a political party; and such a body appealed to Mr. McCarthy as to a kindred spirit. Despite Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's books, "Young Ireland" and "Four Years of Irish History," the Young Ireland movement is still misunderstood. The Young Irelanders were not originally a revolutionary party. They were simply repealers; but they initiated a distinct line of policy—the policy of independent opposition animated by the pure spirit of nationality. They said, in effect:—

"Treat both English parties alike, distrust both, and extract as much as you can from each; and let your war cry be, 'not Justice to Ireland or Repeal of the Union, but Justice to Ireland and Repeal of the Union.'"

They also initiated the policy of interesting Continental and American States in Irish affairs, and of alarming the conscience of England by arousing the sympathies of her friends and her enemies abroad. They were carried into revolution by the wave of revolution which swept over Europe in 1848. After the defeat of Young Ireland and the return of Gavan Duffy to the English Parliament in 1852, the first Irish Parliamentary party of Independent Opposition was formed in the English House of Commons; that is to say, the doctrines preached by the Irish "Nation" between 1842 and 1848 were put into practice, though it was not until the days of Parnell that the spread of these doctrines became the terror of British statesmen. It was the famine of 1847 that practically strangled the Young Ireland Movement. Afterwards, the people fell back on the land question, and between 1852 and 1855 the party of independent opposition fought for land reform in the English Parliament, but fought in vain. The spirit of nationality was once more awakened by the Fenian organisation (1858-1867), one of the most remarkable movements which took place in Ireland during the last century, and beyond all question the movement *plus* Parnell to which the people mainly owe the reforms which were carried through the English Parliament between 1869 and 1881. As Young Ireland sprang out of the Repeal movement, Fenianism sprang out of Young Ireland, and Home Rule was the result of the national awakening caused by Fenianism.

Mr. Justin McCarthy was taken by the hand when he was eighteen years old by John Francis Maguire, the founder and editor of the "Cork Examiner," and, in later years, a well-known figure in the English House of Commons. Between 1848 and 1852, Mr. McCarthy was trying his wings as a journalist in his native city. Between 1852 and 1860 he lived in Liverpool. In 1860 he took up his abode in London, and became Editor of the "Morning Star" between 1864 and 1868. During those years (1864-68) he witnessed the hopeless fight of Irishmen in the English House of Commons to obtain Church and Land Reform. He was in London at the time of the Manchester Rescue and the Clerkenwell Explosion, and he can recall the events which followed, ending in the Church Act of 1869 and the Land Act of 1870. In the latter year, indeed, he was a leader-writer on the "Daily News." The Home Rule movement was founded by Isaac Butt in 1870, and Mr. McCarthy, though his life was now cast in England, quickly threw in his lot with his own people, and enlisted under the Home Rule flag. He again witnessed the failure of all attempts to redress Irish wrongs, and he experienced the contempt with which Home Rulers were treated by all English parties. He saw Parnell enter Parliament in 1875, he lived through the "terror" of 1877-1881, entered Parliament himself for the County Longford in 1879, and under the command of Parnell took part in the fight for the Land Act of 1881. Throughout the struggles for additional Land Reforms and for Home Rule itself, between 1882 and 1886, he took his part, and witnessed the conversion of Mr. Gladstone and the bulk of the Liberal Party to the once despised cause of Home Rule in 1886. In that same year, 1886, he carried the City of Londonderry, once the stronghold of the English ascendancy faction. Mr. McCarthy saw the cluster of Land Acts which were placed on the Statute Book between 1885 and 1891. In 1890, during the Parnell crisis, he became chairman of the Parliamentary Party, an office which he held until he was forced, by failing health, to retire from public life altogether. Thus Mr. McCarthy has

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

New and Revised Edition, reset from type specially cast for the book.

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN MODERN SPEECH with Notes.

BY THE LATE

R. F. WEYMOUTH, M.A., D.Lit. (Lond.)

EDITED AND PARTLY REVISED BY

E. HAMPDEN COOK, M.A. (Camb.), B.A. (Lond.)

748 pages. Cloth boards, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 4s. net. Thumb-indexed: gilt top, cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net; leather 5s. net. On Oxford India paper: cloth boards, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. net; blue leather, 5s. net. Persian morocco yapp, leather lined, silk sewn, red under gold, 8s. net. Turkey morocco limp, round corners, gilt roll, red under gold, 8s. 6d. net.

"Will help the English reader to realise what the various books really say."—*The Athenæum*.

"Dr. Weymouth was an accomplished scholar, and his Translation will be found really valuable."—*The Times*.

"The language is simple and dignified, and the Notes are examples of what such aids should be."—*The Bookman*.

THE MARPRELATE TRACTS.

Edited with Notes Historical and Explanatory by WILLIAM PIERCE, Author of 'An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts.' Demy 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

"The editor has devoted much attention to the almost insoluble problems presented by the allusions in these tracts—bibliographical and other—and we are unlikely ever to get beyond the point he has reached. All students of Tudor history and literature, whatever view they hold of Martin Marprelate, are indebted to Mr. Pierce for this most valuable reprint of his tracts."—*Athenæum*.

CHRIST, OR CHAOS. A Reading of History.

By E. S. WATSON (DEAS CROMARTY). Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

"'Christ, or Chaos' is not ethics pure and simple, nor theology pure and simple, but that fine mixture of the two which every teacher must aim to impart, and every man and woman must strive to accept."—*Expository Times*.

THE SECRET OF LIVING.

By J. BRIERLEY, Author of 'Life and the Ideal,' 'Ourselves and the Universe,' etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

"There is a great deal of clever writing and sound thinking in 'The Secret of Living.' This author has given several thoughtful volumes, but not one in which the ideal and the practical are so well blended and so skilfully contrasted as in the present."—*Liverpool Courier*.

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, Fleet Street, London.
AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE PREMIER RELIGIOUS WEEKLY

IS

The Christian World

Every Thursday. One Penny.

THE WORLD'S NEWS, RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, SOCIAL, LITERATURE, TRAVEL, FICTION, Etc.

In view of the manner in which it reports all religious activities, and matters of general interest, it belongs to a class entirely its own. News of all happenings of the week is given in a pithy, entertaining style, while sensationalism is not indulged in—only matters of every-day interest being included in the contents week by week, summarised in such manner as to appeal to all.

Parliamentary news is contributed by a member of the House, who is one of the most brilliant journalists of the day; articles and short stories are the work of popular writers, while the serial story is by one of the best novelists.

The CHRISTIAN WORLD is therefore

The Ideal Newspaper for the Home

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Within the United Kingdom, 6s. 6d. per annum.
Outside " " 8s. 8d. "

Sermons by Preachers of all Denominations are to be found in the

CHRISTIAN WORLD PULPIT.

Every Wednesday. [Est. 1871.] 1d. Monthly 6d.

The CHRISTIAN WORLD PULPIT has now been in existence well over forty years. Its steadily increasing circulation in the Church of England and amongst all Nonconformist denominations points to the conclusion that there is a healthy and growing appetite for Sermon reading. The American pulpit is represented by its best-known men.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Within the United Kingdom, 6s. 6d. per annum.
Outside " " 8s. 8d. "

The Cheapest and Best Paper for Sunday School Teachers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

Every Friday. One Halfpenny.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per quarter - 1s. 1d. Per annum - 4s. 4d.

An Ideal Guide as to the books to read and the books to buy.

THE LITERARY WORLD & READER.

Monthly 3d.

Published on the first Thursday of every month, instead of the 15th as hitherto.

Annual Subscription, including postage, 4s.

All remittances should be made payable to—

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, Fleet St., London, E.C.

IDEAL XMAS BOOK-GIFTS**SIEGFRIED and The TWILIGHT of the GODS.**

By RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by MARGARET ARMOUR. Illustrated in Colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 15s. net.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED UNIFORM.

THE RHINEGOLD and THE VALKYRIE.

Standard:—"Mr. Rackham is a subtle and interesting interpreter of Wagner's genius. The poetry, fancy, and quaintness of the epic he follows with unerring skill and unfailing interest for beauty. . . ."

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

By P. B. SHELLEY. Illustrated in Colour by CHAS. ROBINSON. Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D. 15s. net. *Freeman's Journal*:—"The illustrations are ideal, characterised by lightness and clearness with delicate colouring and poetic beauty." *British Weekly*:—"It will be one of the favourite gift-books this season."

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ITALY.

By W. W. COLLINS, R.I. Fully Illustrated in Colour. 16s. net.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED UNIFORM.

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF (1) FRANCE; (2) SPAIN; (3) ENGLAND.

The Outlook:—"... As a gift-book for people of taste these volumes could not well be improved upon."

INDIA UNDER CURZON AND AFTER.

By LOVAT FRASER. (2nd imp.) 16s. net.

VISCOUNT MILNER in the *Times*:—"The book is, indeed, much more than a biography of Lord Curzon as Viceroy. The author ranges widely and boldly over the whole field of Indian politics . . . presented in a more complete form, or with greater candour, than by any previous writer."

IN NORTHERN MISTS.

By Dr. F. NANSEN, G.C.V.O., &c. Fully illustrated, with Maps, Plans, etc. 2 vols. 30s. net.

Daily News:—"A work of historical research, wide in its scope, thorough, masterly." *Daily Telegraph*:—"A work at once of deep interest and lasting value."

THROUGH TRACKLESS LABRADOR.

By H. HESKETH PRICHARD. Fully illustrated, 15s. net. *British Weekly*:—"Mr. Hesketh Prichard knows the country intimately. . . . The book is full of information, and will at once take its place among the standard authorities on Labrador."

LIFE OF J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

By E. R. and J. PENNELL. Cheaper Edition, with new matter and illustrations. 1 vol. 12s. 6d. net. *Scotsman*:—"Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have never done better work than this. As it stands, the monograph is more than ever attractive."

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE.

By E. GORDON CRAIG. Fully illustrated, 6s. net.

THE BOOK OF BURIED TREASURE.

By R. D. PAINE. Fully illustrated. 10s. net.

THE GREAT ENGRAVERS.

Artistic Reproductions of their Principal Works.

Edited by ARTHUR M. HIND. 2s. 6d. net each.

(1) DURER; (2) MANTEGNA; (3) J. R. SMITH; (4) WATTEAU;
(5) GOYA; (6) VAN DYCK.

LITTLE BOOKS ABOUT OLD**FURNITURE.** Illustrated. Each 2s. 6d. net.

(1) TUDOR TO STUART; (2) QUEEN ANNE.

THREE NEW BIOGRAPHIES.

HAIL AND FAREWELL. I AVE!

By GEORGE MOORE. 6s.

Westminster Gazette:—"George Moore is always an artist. The reading of the book was a sheer joy. It is true literature."

MY VAGABONDAGE.

By J. E. PATTERSON. (2nd imp.) 8s. 6d. net.

ONE OF THE MULTITUDE.

By GEORGE ACORN. Preface by A. C. BENSON, M.A. 6s.

THE WAR GOD.

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. 2s. 6d. net.

THE PLAYS OF W. S. MAUGHAM.

2s. 6d. cloth; 1s. 6d. paper.

(1) A MAN OF HONOUR; (2) JACK STRAW; (3) LADY FREDERICK.

NEW 6s. NOVELS

MAIDS' MONEY

LAURA

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

THE PILGRIM KAMANITA

A LIKELY STORY

JUGGERNAUT

ZULEIKA DOBSON

THE SECRET GARDEN

(Illustrated in Colour by CHARLES ROBINSON.)

THE DOP DOCTOR (12th imp.)

Mrs. H. DUDENEY

CAROLINE GROSVENOR

AMBER REEVES

KARL GJELLERUP

WM. DE MORGAN

E. F. BENSON

MAX BEERBOHM

Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT

(Illustrated in Colour by CHARLES ROBINSON.)

RICHARD DEHAN

Wm. Heinemann, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

seen the edifice of Protestant ascendancy shattered, the power of landlordism shaken to its base, popular franchise established, and local government set up. He cherishes the hope that he will live to see the greatest change of all—the restoration of Parliamentary Government to Ireland.

A CLASSIC HISTORIAN.

"Life and Letters of John Lingard (1771-1851)." By MARTIN HAILE and EDWIN BONNEY. (Herbert & Daniel. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an exceptionally interesting record of a very learned, a very eminent, and a very excellent man. A Roman Catholic and a priest, Lingard recovered for his countrymen the genuine conception of history; he is the first English historian to whom the epithet "scientific" can be applied. This is his lasting title to remembrance. To this day his writings on the Anglo-Saxon period are authoritative; and his "History of England" ranks as a classic. In 1853 Wiseman described him as "the only impartial historian of our country." It was true. Since then—or he would have failed in his purpose—it has ceased to be so. But he led the way. He had two qualifications for his task: knowledge and detachment. In an age when research was rare, he went to the sources; and his candor was a matter at once of temperament and principle. "I persuade myself that no writer has hitherto sat down to the task more free from political prepossession": the whole man was in the words.

He was an ecclesiastic of a type then not uncommon, though now all but extinct. Mr. Haile puts it too strongly when he tells us that "in Lingard's younger days the clergy of his Church were almost exclusively drawn from among the younger sons of country gentlemen." But a considerable number were so; and the education received at Douai was not inferior to that given by the English Universities of the time. Socially and intellectually, the priest was the equal, often the superior, of the Protestants with whom he mixed. Lingard numbered among his friends Bishop Blomfield, the rector of his parish, and the Unitarian minister in the neighboring town. He was intimate with the leaders of the Northern Circuit—Brougham, Pollock, and Scarlett; and this intimacy was without condescension on the one side or affectation on the other; it was natural, easy, and free. That it is difficult to conceive this in our own time is the effect of a radical change of temper and principle in modern Catholicism to which his life gives the key.

The record of the old English Catholics is creditable in a high degree. They had—it was their misfortune to have—their extremists; the Sanders, the Parsons, the Petres; the Milners and Plowdens of Lingard's day. But, as a body, they were as moderate and as patriotic as they were religious. Their complaint was not that England was Protestant, but that Nonconformity was penal; their wish was not to undo the Reformation, but to be allowed to worship according to their conscience without forfeiture of their civil rights. The extravagances of modern Ultramontanism were foreign to them: Lingard, *e.g.*, describes Leo XII. as "a very gentlemanly man." The description was meant to be complimentary; but we cannot conceive a Catholic writer of to-day using it of Pius X.; nor does it seem appropriate to the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost. He speaks, again, of "the yoke of Propaganda"; when it was proposed to raise certain English priests to the *prelatura*, they objected that the title of *Monsignor* was unknown in this country; the dislike of the secular clergy for the Jesuits, "the gentlemen from Stonyhurst," is unconcealed. A distinctive terminology was avoided. Mass was "prayers," confession "duty," the clergy wore no peculiar habit, the style "Father" was unknown. This, indeed, as applied to secular priests is an Irishism; *Dominus*, not *Pater*, is the canonical term. The restoration of medieval ceremonial, and still more the introduction of modern Italian devotions, was not to their mind.

"Why must we put up roods," asks Lingard, "when for two hundred years they have been swept away in every country in Europe?" He disliked the revived use of the

Asperges, of the Litany of Loretto, and the processional carrying of the crucifix or cross. He refused to change his accustomed dress and to be "suffocated with a Roman collar"; when Father Ignatius Spencer visited him in the Passionist habit, his comment was, "I never met with so methodistical a looking man." His sense was too strong to allow him to labor under any illusion as to the re-conversion of England—a subject on which the Oxford converts talked, he says, "as if they were all old women or lunatics." Of the religious census taken by a Vicar-Apostolic, he remarks:—

"He has omitted, as they all do, the number of those who quit us in opposition to those who join us. The number is great."

Cardinal Vaughan's estimate of this "leakage" will be remembered. The scale on which it takes place is such as to undermine English Catholicism, which attracts unsettled persons from other communions, but is losing hold upon its own masses, who fall away—too often into indifference and unbelief. He had little sympathy with Irish grievances. The English misrule was "in a great measure of their own producing"; and the pronouncements of the bishops he regarded as mischievous, "showing that the writers were rebels at heart." His judgment on the Penal Laws was discriminating. The conduct of Campion and Parsons gave, he thought, "a very plausible pretext" for them; and of Allan's "Admonitions," published on the eve of the Armada, he writes: "It is perhaps the most virulent libel ever written. I would give anything to prove it a forgery, for his honor and that of the Catholics. After its publication, I am not surprised at anything Elizabeth might do."

Leo XII. is believed to have created him a cardinal *in petto*; but it is probable that the favor, such as it was, which he enjoyed at Rome was personal and political; and, under Gregory XVI., other influences prevailed. Lingard himself wished for no dignities: his simple home life, his love of animals, his devotion to children, formed an atmosphere of singular grace and charm. The Church, which his genius adorned, pursued more and more a path which men of his type could not follow; they stood aside, and marked the rising flood of Ultramontanism with distrust and dismay. The "ifs" of history are perhaps an unprofitable subject for meditation. But one cannot help wondering what would have been the fortunes of Catholicism in England had it developed on Lingard's lines? What would Lingard have thought of its twentieth-century champions? And what will the Roman Church be sixty years hence if its development is as marked and as rapid as it has been during the sixty years that lie between us and his death?

SWAMP AND HIGHLAND.

"Nigeria: Its Peoples and its Problems." By E. D. MOREL. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS admirable volume commemorates Mr. Morel's visit—we believe his first visit—to the great continent with which his name will always be connected. And, after all, it was not the Congo that he visited, but a far more hopeful and more interesting region. It is more hopeful because, whatever may have been our errors in dealing with Nigeria, we have not committed the central crime of the Leopold Government in the Congo State: we have not alienated their land from the natives, nor precluded them from trading their produce on their own account. On the Congo that was the central crime from which all others followed—exploitation, forced labor, and "taxes" in kind, the savage armed police, and the unspeakable barbarities. And Nigeria is in many ways also more interesting to ourselves as being under our own authority, and as containing an extraordinary variety of populations, forms of religion, native customs, produce, and natural conditions.

To those who only know the cooing shores of the West Coast, with their miles on miles of dense forest and putrid swamp, their hideous diseases and pervading gloom, it is always a comfort to remember that far up those vast and silent rivers, running between dark and almost uninhabitable banks of mangroves and slime, one reaches a

Macmillan & Co.'s New Books**Tennyson
and His Friends.**

Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON.

With Portraits. 8vo. 10s. net.

**H. M. Hyndman's Record of
an Adventurous Life.** With Portrait. 8vo. 15s. net.**WARWICK GOBLES'S NEW COLOUR BOOK.****Stories from The Pentamerone.**

By GIAMBATTISTA BASILE. Selected and edited by E. F. STRANGE. With 32 Illustrations in Colour by WARWICK GOBLE. Crown 4to. 15s. net. Also Edition de Luxe limited to 150 Copies. Demy 4to. 42s. net.

The Spectator.—"We congratulate Mr. Strange on the delightful folk-tales and fairy stories that he has collected and arranged from a 17th century Neapolitan collection called Il Pentamerone."**Floreat Etona. Anecdotes and
Memories of Eton College.** By RALPH NEVILL. With many Coloured and other Illustrations. 8vo. 15s. net.*The Daily Telegraph*.—"Many excellent books stand already to his credit, but in the study of his old school he has found, perhaps, the best theme he has yet tackled, and he tackles it with infectious humour and vitality. . . . The whole world of Eton life and character is here; rapidly surveyed, and wittily catalogued by a professor of the fine art of story-telling."**The Future of England.** By the
Hon. GEORGE PEEL. 8vo. 6s. net.*Daily Mail*.—"A very interesting forecast of the future of our race. It has a real value as the fruit of a mind thoroughly familiar with our history and keenly conscious that we have reached a critical point in it."**Seems So! A Working-Class**

View of Politics. By STEPHEN REYNOLDS and BOB and TOM WOOLLEY. With Frontispiece. Extra crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Daily News.—"The value of this book—and it is of immense value—is that it puts before us a fisherman's point of view, and also the point of view from the lower deck in the Navy. Mr. Reynolds has probed deep. He has made his collaborators articulate. He does not merely generalise. He shows us vividly through conversations and pictures of life what the habits of working people are. He clears the ground of nonsense and cant. The prejudices are those of people living instinctively, from day to day in touch with the very hardest brute facts of life. It is an exhilarating book."**Unemployment: A Social Study**

By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE, Author of "Poverty: A Study of Town Life," etc., and BRUNO LASKER. 8vo. 5s. net.

A Critical Exposition of Berg-

son's Philosophy. By J. M'KELLAR STEWART, B.A., D.Ph. Extra Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

The Centaur. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD,

Author of "Jimbo," etc. 6s.

The Daily Telegraph.—"Full of attractiveness, a story to be read quietly, with lingering enjoyment, and to be remembered when read."**The Healer.** By ROBERT HERRICK, Author
of "Together," etc. 6s.*The Times*.—"A fine romance . . . both the style and the feeling of the book throughout will appeal to all who like novels in which a serious mind expresses itself with the skill necessary to retain throughout the reader's sympathy and attention."* Macmillan's Illustrated Catalogue post free
on application.MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.,
LONDON.**WILLIAMS & NORGATE****THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SEASON. [Second Edition now Ready.]
SOME PAGES OF MY LIFE**

By Rt. Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, late Bishop of Ripon, and now Canon of Westminster. Medium 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with portraits. 15s. net.

"Not only those who enjoy his personal friendship, but the many who have listened to his eloquent preaching will read with pleasure this simple and often touching record"—*Daily Telegraph*."A book which is of absorbing interest from cover to cover."—*Daily Graphic*."The book is one to read."—*Manchester Guardian*.**WORKS BY THE EDITOR OF "THE HIBBERT JOURNAL." [Just Published.]****AMONG THE IDOLMAKERS**

By L. P. JACKS, M.A., Dean of Manchester College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

"Mr. Jacks has written a book which for sheer ability, for right mindedness, and for driving force will compare favourably with any book of the season. This is a book which strongly makes for cleanness, for sanity, for Christianity."—*A Man of Kent in The British Weekly*.**MAD SHEPHERDS and other**

Human Studies. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

"It seems to contract after you have read it into an intense and powerful lyric . . . full of the spirit of poetry."—*The Times*.**A BOOK FOR STUDENTS OF BERGSON.**

Specially recommended by Mr. Joseph Solomon in his recent work on Bergson.

THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT

Medium 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

"The book is one which no philosophical student of to-day should be without."—*Westminster Review*."An intellectual and spiritual feast."—*Interpreter*."This most vigorous and original piece of work."—*Christian World*."A flame with a passion for liberty. Like a mighty wind he goes sweeping on his way."—*Oxford Chronicle*."A significant book . . . eloquent, imaginative, humorous. Philosophy here forsakes its usual 'grey in grey.'"—Professor J. H. MUIRHEAD in *The Christian Commonwealth*.

"Written under an inspiration essentially the same as Bergson's, and will greatly help to the comprehension of his ideas."—J. SOLOMON.

**THE WIFE IN ANCIENT AND
MODERN TIMES**

By ERNEST J. SCHUSTER. In crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

Standard Works by Herbert Spencer

Library Editions, bound in Red Cloth Gilt.

A SYSTEM OF SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY**PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY** (2 vols.) 36/-

(REVISED AND ENLARGED)

PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY (2 vols.) 36/-**PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY.** Vol. I. 21/-

Ditto Vol. II. 18/-

Ditto Vol. III. 16/-

PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS Vol. I. 15/-

Ditto Vol. II. 12/6

JUSTICE (Separately) 6/-**OTHER WORKS.****THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY** 10/6**ESSAYS** (3 vols.) 30/- (or each vol. 10/-)**FACTS AND COMMENTS** 6/-**VARIOUS FRAGMENTS** Enlarged Edition 6/-**SOCIAL STATICS & MAN v. STATE** 10/-**MAN v. STATE** (Separately) 1/-**AGAINST THE METRIC SYSTEM** 3d.

Third Edition. With Additions.

CHEAP COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.**FIRST PRINCIPLES.** Finally revised edition. Cloth, 2 vols. 1s. net per vol.; or in 1 vol. 2s. net.**EDUCATION, Intellectual, Moral and Physical.**

With all the author's corrections made about a year before his decease. In cloth, 1s. net.

DATA OF ETHICS. Reset uniform with popular edition of "FIRST PRINCIPLES." Cloth, 3s. net.**THE AUTHORITATIVE BIOGRAPHY.****The LIFE & LETTERS OF HERBERT SPENCER**

By DAVID DUNCAN, LL.D., Cheap Re-Issue. Demy 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

LONDON: 14, HENRIETTA, ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

country where the ground is not only solid, but hilly, or even mountainous; where wanderers, bearing no trace of negro, lead their cattle over vast pastures; and where another race cultivates the soil with extraordinary skill; or where cities, almost unknown to Europe, produce every kind of implement and decoration, prepare leather to rival Russia or Morocco, and weave cloths far surpassing anything that Manchester turns out, both in substance and beauty. Through all these varieties of land and life—from the palm-oil swamps to the upland wildernesses and farms, the great markets and centres of ancient handicraft—Mr. Morel has passed with alert and carefully observant eyes. He describes the scenery, and sometimes the manner of life, with a picturesque fullness that often runs to rhetoric. It is hard to avoid rhetoric in speaking of Africa; it comes with the sun, the strangeness, the astonishment of its luxuriance, its deserts, and its savagery. But the further he goes, the less rhetorical Mr. Morel becomes, and there have been few travellers indeed who have given us so accurate a picture of a great African region, or have discussed the problems arising from it with so much good sense and sympathy.

As was to be expected, it is the author's close sympathy with the natives that distinguishes the book. In sympathy Mr. Morel resembles Mary Kingsley, to whom the volume is dedicated. He was not so long in the country, but his former books prove the careful preparation and intimate knowledge with which he started on his journey. His main object throughout is to avert the manifold curses which the appearance of Europeans in their land has hitherto almost invariably brought upon the African races. Throughout, he raises a convincing protest against the attempts to exploit, "Europeanise," or denationalise the native. Whether the motive is barefaced greed or false and narrow ideals of religion and civilisation, makes little difference. As much permanent injury may be inflicted with one motive as with the other. To ourselves, the most interesting part of the book (which is full of deep interest to all lovers of Africa) is the account of the author's visit to Kano, the great red-walled city of Northern Nigeria. A railway reaches it now, but only seven or eight years ago it was almost unknown, except for its manufacture of beautiful cottons that supplied the greater part of North-west Africa. It is when speaking of Kano that Mr. Morel writes with especial warning against the dangers of overthrowing native religion, laws, and customs by imposing upon the people alien beliefs which they cannot understand, and alien laws, especially of land tenure, which will throw their social system into chaos, and relax their own established conception of morality. Hitherto, under Sir Frederick Lugard and his successor, Sir Percy Girouard, sincere attempts have been made to rule on native lines and administer through the influence of the native chiefs. Mr. Morel especially commends a recent proclamation, issued with these objects:—

"On January 1st of this year the most far-seeing measure of constructive statesmanship West Africa has ever known was put on the Statute Book. The Land and Native Rights Proclamation consecrates the three main principles of native law and custom. First, the whole of the land, whether occupied or unoccupied, is 'native land.' Secondly, that the land is under the control and subject to the disposition of the Governor, to be held and administered by him for the use, need, and common benefit of the natives of Northern Nigeria.' Thirdly, that the Governor's power shall be exercised in accordance with 'native laws and customs.'"

So with regard to missionaries and the perverse insistence of most of them on imposing upon natives the hideous and unwholesome European dress, foreign standards of behavior, and doctrines beyond the comprehension of Africans. At Kano, Mr. Morel paid an impressive visit to the dignified Emir of the city, and he especially inquired his opinion as to the introduction of Christian preachers among his people. For some time the Emir was silent; then he said:—

"Mohammedanism is a matter of the heart. Our fathers and grandfathers were Muslims. For many generations we have been Muslims. What is the use of preaching if there are no converts? Even if the Christian missionary tried to meet the native on equal terms, he could not do so, because all white men are Sarikis (chiefs), and the people cannot help so regarding them. The missionaries might not wish to use force. But they would exercise pressure amounting

to force, because of the prestige all white men have, and the people would be disturbed and troubled in their minds. There would be unrest."

Like most travellers in this part of Africa, as distinguished from the "Pagan" regions, Mr. Morel is convinced that the appearance of the Christian missionaries among Muslims will only bring disaster:—

"The advent of Christian missions into Kano or Katsina or Sokoto, for example, would be regarded as an act of aggression. Their presence in Zaria is a great mistake, and I make bold to assert that it is only comparable to a man smoking a pipe in a barrel of gunpowder."

Equally strong and characteristic are Mr. Morel's views on native polygamy, dress, and the controversy as to imported spirits. In such a book there is plenty to cause reflection, and many of the conclusions will be vehemently disputed, not only by Imperialists, who would level down all nationality under a monotonous and bureaucratic rule, but by well-intentioned philanthropists, whose ideal for Africa is a quiet suburban street, with harmoniums and pleasant Sunday afternoons. It is not often, as we said, that, both as to government and mode of life, the native point of view has been put with such understanding and sympathy as Mr. Morel here puts it. It will rouse antagonism, but that is always the fate of every courageous investigator. The chapters on trade, mining, cotton-growing industries, and the probable future of the administration, though perhaps of narrower interest, are all written in the same spirit, all placing the welfare and independence of the natives themselves in the forefront, as the first object to be considered.

SCIENCE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

"Peeps at the Heavens." By the Rev. JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. (Black. 1s. 6d.)

"Mechanical Inventions of To-Day." By THOMAS W. CORBIN. (Seeley. 5s.)

"The Romance of Aeronautics." By CHARLES C. TURNER. (Seeley. 5s.)

"Heroes of the Air." By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE and HARRY HARPER. (Frowde. 6s.)

"Medical Science of To-Day." By WILLMOTT EVANS, M.D. (Seeley. 5s.)

A book on Astronomy, dedicated "to Hugh and Eric," proclaims its character at once. It is a book which is meant to interest the very young in the main facts of astronomy, and it cannot fail in its object. Masters Hugh and Eric can read every chapter without feeling any difficulty in understanding it, and their wonder will be almost continuously sustained throughout. One great service which Mr. Baikie performs for his young readers consists in giving them a true notion of the relation of our sun to the other stars, which by most people are regarded as mere shining points, and of probably no importance at all. It is most unfortunate that the grandest of sciences receives almost no recognition in our school teaching; and, as a result of this neglect, the average Englishman and Englishwoman are almost as ignorant of the distances, dimensions, and relations of stars and planets as is an inhabitant of Uganda. It is scarcely too much to say that an ordinary public school boy does not know of anything to distinguish Venus from Sirius, or whether Jupiter is larger or smaller than the moon. Mr. Baikie, therefore, does well to tell his readers plainly that "if our sun could be moved away from us till it took its place among the other stars, you would see it gradually growing smaller and dimmer, until, at last, when it was at the distance of an ordinary first magnitude star" (say Sirius, although it is much brighter than an ordinary one) "it would look very commonplace indeed"—in fact, it would, to us, be scarcely more than visible to the naked eye. This is a valuable and striking way of putting things, not only to Hugh and Eric, but to very many much older people.

Mr. Baikie is well acquainted with every branch of his subject as it exists after the most recent discoveries and surmises of astronomers; and, on the subject of Mars and its occupation by intelligent workers, his attitude is one of much greater liberal-mindedness than that which characterises most professional astronomers. He does not by any

BEST BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

My Tropic Isle.

By E. J. BANFIELD, Author of "The Confessions of a Beachcomber." With 31 illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"No one who cares for a strange and racy story of actual life will want to leave Mr. Banfield's company until the last word has been said."—Standard.

"Mr. Banfield's book, like his life, is exceptional."—United Empire.

Martin Luther:

THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT, D.D., Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Illustrated. Cloth 12s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"In this book we get a grip of Dr. Martin as he was known and seen by the people among whom he lived . . . a singularly comprehensive and impartially written biography."—Morning Post.

Indian and Home Memories.

By SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I. With 21 illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"The book deserves a place alongside the most successful autobiographic records of this season."—Morning Leader.

The Women of the Caesars.

By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. With 50 illustrations from Photographs and Drawings by CASTAIGNE, TADEMA, &c. Demy 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"In this volume the Italian historian describes the position of women in the Roman world, and illustrates what he has to say by vivid character sketches."—Standard.

Good Cheer.

THE ROMANCE OF FOOD AND FEASTING. By F. W. HACKWOOD, Author of "Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England," &c. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 24 other illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"Packed with curious and interesting information gathered from innumerable sources and covering every imaginable branch of the subject."—Truth.

The Canadian Rockies, New and Old Trails.

By ARTHUR P. COLEMAN, Ph.D., F.R.S., President of the Alpine Club of Canada. With 3 Maps and 41 illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"This is a valuable contribution to Alpine literature."—The Times.

"Should be read by anyone who enjoys true stories of pioneering in travel."—The Scotsman.

On Horseback Through Nigeria.

By J. D. FALCONER. With 32 illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"A remarkably candid, well-written, and convincing account of investigation by a skilled traveller in one of the most recent acquisitions of the British Empire."—Morning Post.

Four Months Afoot in Spain.

By HARRY A. FRANCK, Author of "A Vagabond Journey Round the World." With a Map and more than 75 illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d. net. [Inland Postage 5d.]

"The plain unpretentious record of a born wayfarer, who is alert, sympathetic, and open to the joyous chances of his road."—The Daily News.

"The delightful record of an unconventional traveller in perhaps the most romantic region of Europe."—Morning Post.

THE BEST CHILD'S BOOK.

Two To Nowhere.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK, Author of "Billicks." With 12 illustrations. 6s. post free.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes: "For children as well as for those happy 'grown-ups' who are always ready to walk awhile in Make-Believe-Land, and to whom this beautiful earth of ours is, and always will be, a wonder-world and a fairyland, in fact, to all real children—be their years eight or be those years eighty—you can choose no more acceptable and delightful Christmas gift-book than 'Two to Nowhere,' by Mr. A. St. John Adcock. . . . It is far and away the most original and fascinating Fairy Story for Children which has been published this season."

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

FIVE NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED by Mr. FIFIELD

SONGS OF JOY

By WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

Fcap. 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 2s. 6d. net, postage 2d.

"These poems are not merely remarkable as the work of a tramp: they are remarkable as the work of a poet. . . . Let us forget Mr. Davies' interesting career, and say only, he is a great poet."—Morning Leader.

"Mr. Davies' poetry is unlike any other poetry that is written to-day. It is fresh and sweet like a voice from a younger and lustier world."—Daily News.

THE BLOOD OF THE POOR

By GODFREY BLOUNT, B.A.

Crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 3s. 6d. net, postage 3d.

"Ultimately the standard of value is bread, says Mr. Blount, and it is therefore the very blood of the poor. . . . He writes courageously, especially on religion, and is consequently worth reading."—Morning Leader. "He claims to be no political economist; in point of fact he writes some excellent political economy. . . . Mr. Blount has relations with the Physiocrats, and there is more to be said of their system in the coming age."—Church Times. "He has able and original views."—Evening Times. "It is literature of a high quality. A pregnant and inspiring book."—Aberdeen Free Press.

THE COUNTRY HEART

By MAUDE EGERTON KING.

Crown 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 6s.

"A sober and distinguished achievement."—Manchester Guardian. "Inspired by genuine perception, clear insight, and individual touch."—Athenaeum. "A book for any season and any age."—Nation.

THE MAGIC CROOK

By GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D.

Large Crown 8vo. Extra Cloth. 6s. net, postage 4d.

"A very graceful and charming fairy tale."—Sunday Times. With 62 illustrations by ARTHUR HUGHES.

CASTELLINARIA:

AND OTHER SICILIAN DIVERSIONS

By HENRY FESTING JONES.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net, postage 4d.

LONDON: A. G. FIFIELD, 13, CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR EVERYONE

THE "COPPING" ILLUSTRATED BIBLE

Being the Authorised Version, in clear, long primer type, with References, Maps, Atlas, Indices, etc. (Size of paper, 8½ by 5½ inches.)

With 100 Coloured Plates by HAROLD COPPING.

ORDINARY PAPER EDITION

(2 inches thick).

No. 1. Cloth gilt, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

net.

No. 2. Superior French limp, round

corners, gilt edges, 12s. net.

No. 3. Persian grained yapp, leather

lined, silk sewed, round

corners, gilt edges, 21s. net.

Postage in the United Kingdom, 6d. each extra.

INDIA PAPER EDITION (1½ inches

thick).

No. 4. Rutland, yapp, leather lined

silk sewed, round corners

gilt edges, 25s. net.

No. 6. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, round

corners, 10s. 6d. net.

A JOURNALIST IN THE HOLY LAND.

By ARTHUR E. COPPING. With 20 Coloured Plates and 48 sketches in the Text, reproduced from original drawings by Harold Copping. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net. (By post 6s. 6d.)

The Times says:—"This is just what one would expect from the collaboration of a genial and clever journalist, and an accomplished artist (working apparently in pastel, water-colour, and pen and ink). That is to say, it is thoroughly readable, and is unburdened alike by rhapsodies, homiletics, or archæology."

The Scotsman says:—"Mr. Arthur Copping's story is graphically told, with many humorous touches, and is specially noteworthy for its human interest in the existing inhabitants of the country. Mr. Harold Copping's coloured plates and pen drawings greatly enhance the attractiveness of the volume."

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF RAILWAYS AND STEAMSHIPS.

By ERNEST PROTHEROE. With 5 Coloured and 62 other illustrations, reproduced from Photographs. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d. net (by post 4s. 11d.).

THE EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR GIRLS.

Edited by A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A. 364 pages. Coloured Pictures. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

THE EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR BOYS.

Edited by A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A. 364 pages. Coloured Pictures. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

US, AND OUR EMPIRE.

MISS AMY LE FEUVRE'S Story for Boys and Girls, Illustrated by W. H. C. GROOME. Crown 8vo. Cloth gilt, 2s. net.

LONDON: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 4, Bouverie St., W.C.
Please write for the New Illustrated List.

means relegate Mars to uninhabitedness, as does Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace. There are white caps on Mars at its poles, which anyone can see with a six-inch telescope, and which can be seen to grow in extent in the planet's winter, and to disappear gradually as its summer approaches—just as if they were snow; and within the last few days Mr. Lowell, an enthusiastic believer in the existence of both snow and inhabitants on Mars, has observed an immense area of the planet below the pole covered by hoar-frost, which disappears gradually as the day of Mars advances, that is, as the sun's rays continue to strike the frost-covered surface. The question is open as to whether there are water and inhabitants or not, and it is well to leave it open, as Mr. Baikie does.

None of the technicalities—whether physical, geometrical, or dynamical—of the subject are discussed; it is only the broad, striking facts, full of interest for all readers, that are set forth in this book; and for interesting and simple presentation, the treatment leaves nothing to be desired.

In "Mechanical Inventions of To-day," Mr. Corbin appeals chiefly to those whose ambition it is to become engineers. Almost every boy has at one time or another this ambition; the steam engine has an irresistible attraction, and there seems to be in boy-nature something like a genius for mastering the mechanical details, and even some of the physical principles, of this machine. The subject has widened now since motor-cars and flying machines made their appearance; so that the young engine constructor has to add a little acquaintance with electricity to the knowledge which sufficed for his father. The process of explosions in gas engines and in the light petrol engines which have made aerial flight possible, calls out a new interest and induces new knowledge. These engines come in for treatment in the book, of course; and there is a diagrammatic explanation of the working of a gas engine.

The whole subject of heat engines is fully and clearly explained; the nature of latent heat, the reason for the very low efficiency of a steam engine, the action of water-tube boilers, and the method of measuring the horse-power of an engine are set forth in a way easily understood by any reader. If we had to point out the feature which strikes us as most useful in the book, we should specify the treatment of turbines, the importance of which is now very great. There are excellent accounts of the De Laval, Curtiss, and Parsons turbines, and the relative advantages of the latter two are set forth.

Mr. Corbin has a short chapter on "Useless Inventions," from which it almost always results that the student learns principles more clearly than he could from the study of perfectly sound successful projects.

In "The Romance of Aeronautics," Mr. Turner gives an ample history of all attempts to navigate the air since the thing was first tried; and one is astonished to learn how very early such attempts were made. Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, seems to have had a notion of something like the balloon; but perhaps we may regard aerial flight as dating its origin at the time (1782) when the brothers Montgolfier, of Auvergne, constructed a balloon filled with hot air, which rose to a height of 1,000 feet, and flew a mile before coming down. There are two sciences which France may regard as especially her own—Aeronautics and Photography. In the latter she cannot claim, perhaps, any pre-eminence at the present time; but in the former (although the brothers Wright can easily claim the lion's share of invention), the skill of her numerous first-rate fliers places her in the van.

Mr. Turner's book, written in very clear and easy style, is by no means a mere record of the flights of airmen; it is largely interspersed with matters of a scientific character, which, indeed, constitute its chief merit to the student, as distinct from the reader who seeks merely descriptions of remarkable flights; and, in this connection, his explanation of the petrol engine—and the Gnome in particular—is exceedingly helpful. Probably to a greater extent than any other recent science or industry, aerial navigation, as it now exists, depends on the combined work of many experimenters. Photography was well launched by the work of one man; wireless telegraphy was created by the work of Hertz and about three other people, so that it required a mere finishing touch to make it a great practical success; Röntgen photography may be said to have come almost

complete from the hand of one man; but aerial navigation has become what it is by very many sacrifices of human life all over Europe. The theoretical and practical dangers of flight, and the dismal results, are very well set forth by Mr. Turner, who, of course, himself is one of the airmen.

Although the famous Wrights first fixed the attention of the world on the wonders of aerial flight, the improvements which they made on the work of precursors do not dazzle the imagination. Mr. Turner defines their chief merit as having introduced a control of the aeroplane by a manipulation and distortion of the wing surfaces themselves, instead of shifting the operator's body to procure a balance, and thus demonstrating for the first time the practicability of flying. Lord Kelvin, as Mr. Turner points out, did not believe in the utility of flying by aeroplanes; and, although we have recently witnessed many dazzling feats, we are disposed to agree with Lord Kelvin, so far as commercial transit is concerned. It is, we fear, a fact that the main support of aeroplaning must come from people who rule the naval and military worlds—people who regard lightly the sacrifice of human lives, so long as those lives are not their own. Mr. Turner has, however, done his work very thoroughly, and his book is the best that we can recommend to the student.

Messrs. Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper have rapidly followed up by their present publication, "Heroes of the Air," their former work on the same subject, which we reviewed a short time ago in these columns. The book now before us is almost wholly biographical, and, with the exception of Lilienthal, deals almost exclusively with the great airmen of very recent times—the Wrights, Santos Dumont, Farman, Bleriot, Latham, Paulhan, and Grahame-White. It abounds in beautiful colored plates, and relates its various stories in an easy and entertaining manner. This will prove a great attraction to a multitude of readers who wish to read of deeds of great daring and very narrow escapes. Among the illustrations is a very striking picture of M. Gilbert flying over the mountains in the North of Spain and attacked by an eagle, which might very easily have killed both itself and the airman by flying into the propeller; but a pistol-shot frightened the bird away. Probably, in the whole record of aerial daring, there is nothing so striking as the flight of Latham at Blackpool in a forty-mile wind, which alternately made desperate efforts to upset the aeroplane, and kept it motionless when the pilot tried to force his way directly against it, but without success. The intrepid airman defeated the wind, however, as afterwards at Mourmelon, by diving downwards obliquely to it and at the same time accelerating his engine. Well, indeed, does Latham deserve his title of "The Fighter of the Winds"!

For the reader who is not a specialist in medicine and surgery, Dr. Willmott Evans's "Medical Science of To-day" is a most welcome work. The subject of bacteriology is very fully treated, the nature, action, and culture of bacilli being expounded in a simple and interesting manner. The record of what modern surgery can do is indeed marvellous, and Dr. Evans gives a description of its many miraculous achievements. Malaria and the rôle of insects in the production of disease naturally comes in for extensive treatment; and one result of malaria, which is not at all obvious, is pointed out—namely, that the character of the population of a country may be affected thereby. Thus, when malaria was prevalent in Greece, large numbers of Africans and Asiatics were sent to the country as slaves; and many of these slaves were already immune to the disease, and survived while the native Greeks succumbed.

The modern physicist has conferred inestimable benefit on surgery by the Röntgen rays, which exhibit the interior of the body to the surgeon; by radium, which can sometimes be used with effect in cases of incipient cancer; and by the Finsen light, which is very effective in the treatment of lupus. The methods of using these are described and illustrated by very good photographs, and cannot fail to interest any intelligent reader. Among the many interesting things brought before us in this book is the fact that the Great Plague of London in 1665 was due to a bacillus at present confined to Asia, and discovered in 1894 by a Japanese doctor to exist in the stomach of a flea living on the body of a rat. Dr. Evans deals with a very large number of medical and surgical topics, with regard to which everyone desires to know something.

"NERVES IN DISORDER."

WHEN that distinguished Harley Street physician Dr. A. T. Schofield wrote his remarkable book bearing this title, it attracted a large amount of attention among the general public because it dealt with a subject which is of great and growing importance.

No one needs to be told that disordered nerves and nervous disorders are on the increase. It is a matter of common experience. Lucky are they who do not pay the price of diminished nerve force by suffering from such symptoms of this condition as loss of sleep, loss of memory, disordered digestion, depression of spirits, irritable temper, constant lassitude, easily induced fatigue, to say nothing of headache, giddiness, oppression, nervous twitchings, and a morbid apprehension of approaching ill.

Even the little ones do not escape the effect of this strain, for in highly strung and nervous children, St. Vitus's Dance and other disorders of the nerves are, unhappily, only too frequently met.

No words can exaggerate the suffering entailed by these and other symptoms of nerves in disorder which may eventually lead to Neurasthenia. Drugs alone will not permanently cure these sufferers, as every doctor admits.

They have to be treated by special hygienic measures in which, as a physician writing in "The Medical Press and Circular" states:—"The old-fashioned remedies of good food, travel, exercise, pure air, and sea-bathing play a conspicuous part."

The most important of these is undoubtedly the question of food. As Dr. Claude L. Wheeler has written, "Either to keep the nervous system of the healthy individual up to the mark or to raise it to the necessary efficiency when attacked, not only protein (the body-building food) but phosphorus must also be forthcoming in ample quantities. The requisite supply should be placed at the disposal of the body and nerves without obliging them to undergo the immense strain of disposing of great masses of waste. This fact applies with particular force when the bodily resources are weakened from previous attacks of illness and the digestive organs are unable to take up their proper quantity of nutriment from the ordinary meals."

HOW TO CURE "NERVES."

"Obviously, a combination of pure protein with that form of phosphorus which normally exists in the body and nerves, without the admixture of bulky foreign material of any kind, would be exactly what is needed in such cases. Reasoning thus, Science has produced the combination demanded. It is known all over the civilised globe as Sanatogen."

"The debilitated nervous tissues," he continues, "take up Sanatogen as the parched earth drinks up water. It imposes no strain whatever on the digestive and assimilative powers already weakened from one cause or another."

The result, therefore, of using this world-renowned preparation, whose value has been attested, over their own signature, by more than fifteen thousand doctors, including ten physicians to crowned heads of Europe, is that the nervous symptoms gradually disappear, sleep returns, the digestion becomes good, the temper equable, fatigue becomes unknown, memory is restored, and the sufferer feels full of vim and health, showing his altered condition in his appearance, as every doctor attests.

YOURSELF SHALL BE JUDGE.

To enable every reader who has not already tried it to do so, Messrs. A. Wulff & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., will send a free sample to every reader mentioning THE NATION who encloses two penny stamps for postage, etc.

No more striking testimony to Sanatogen's value can be desired than that furnished by a distinguished physician, writing in "The General Practitioner," who says:—"The variety of conditions of ill-health in which Sanatogen has proved efficacious is, in itself, an indication of the value of this preparation."

T. S. C.

Now Ready.

Vol. I. No. 1.

January, 1911

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF MISSIONS.

A Quarterly Review issued by the Continuation Committee of the World Missionary Conference, 1910.

Editor—J. H. OLDHAM, M.A.

CONTENTS.

THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A TRAVELLER AMONG NON-CHRISTIAN RACES. The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L.

THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH IN THE MISSION FIELD. I. AMONG THE BATAKS. Dr. Joh. Warneck.

THE VITAL FORCES OF CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM. The Rev. W. H. T. Gairdner.

THE CONTINUATION COMMITTEE. John R. Mott, LL.D.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN. President Tasuku Harada, LL.D.

THE PLACE OF WOMEN IN THE MODERN NATIONAL MOVEMENTS OF THE EAST. Agnes de Selincourt.

THE SPECIAL PREPARATION OF MISSIONARIES. Henry T. Hodgkin.

CHINA AND EDUCATION. President John F. Geucher, LL.D.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS. NOTES ON RECENT PERIODICALS. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Review will be sent post free to all parts of the World for a prepaid Annual Subscription of 8s. (Bank charges should be added to cheques.)

Subscriptions for delivery by post may be sent to—

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF MISSIONS, 100 Princes Street, Edinburgh;

to HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, London;

or the Review may be ordered through any Bookseller.

Orders should be given without delay, in order to ensure prompt delivery of the first number.

NOW READY.

8vo. 9s. net.

THE VILLAGE LABOURER, 1760-1832.

A Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill.

BY

J. L. HAMMOND and BARBARA HAMMOND.

Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

NEW LARGE TYPE ILLUSTRATED

1/- HOLY BIBLE 1/-

With 15 Full-page Illustrations after Collier, Delaroché, Dietrich, Hoffmann, Molitor, Müller, Pfannschmidt, Parker, Reynolds, Sinkel, and De Vinet. Handsomely bound in crimson morocco grained cloth, round corners, postage single copy, 4d. extra. Six copies post free for 6/7.

Prayer and Hymns (A. & M.), with 20 Illustrations, same style, at 1/2 post free, or in handsome binding, 1/8 post free.

The London Bible Warehouse, 53, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Pp. 776, Portrait, Memoir, 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. post free.

COMPENDIUM OF SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WRITINGS.

* * Because Swedenborg has written so much, many who are strangers to his works are deterred from making their acquaintance from not knowing what to select and where to begin. This work contains the most important passages, arranged under heads, so as to present a complete and authoritative exposition of what he taught.

London: SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 1, Bloomsbury Street.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Send a Card for Glaisher's December Catalogue of PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, Containing many fine COLOUR BOOKS.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, High Holborn, London.

TANGYE'S

TYPE "AA" OIL ENGINE

For Farm or Estate Work,
Country-House Lighting, &c.

TANGYES LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

TWO GOOD NOVELS.

"The Reward of Virtue." By AMBER REEVES. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "Moonseed." By ROSALIND MURRAY. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

A STOCK objection against the novel is framed on the lines of complaint of "the flood of bad fiction." The reply to this is that people should pay scant attention to the bad, but encourage the good with all their heart and soul, and thus help to set up and maintain high standards. The two novels before us are good illustrations of the perfect adaptability of the modern novel to the expression of the most diverse temperamental aims. There is little in common between "The Reward of Virtue" and "Moonseed," except this: that the criticism of life and character, implicit in each, is something that could not be expressed in any adequate form but that of the novel. In "The Reward of Virtue" Miss Amber Reeves has come near to doing something remarkable. In its spiritual fidelity to the lineaments of that all-pervading class which is assimilating every other class, save at top and bottom, her picture is impeccable. There are whole pages here, and isolated glimpses there, which are quite like Flaubert in their revelation of soullessness. The character of Evelyn's husband, Leonard Day, the complacently commonplace young City man, in particular, is so typical of battalions of his fellows that we feel as if we had been boxed up with him for long hours in a railway carriage. The novel, however, owes its special originality to its skilled dissection of the mind of the middle-class woman. Here Miss Amber Reeves shows herself possessed of satirical observation of fine quality.

The novel opens and closes with the same note of restrained satire. "I suppose you're glad it's a girl," says the stout lady visitor, bending over the bundle, and chirruping loudly, and proud Mrs. Baker, in her tasteful drawing-room, adorned with hand-painted mirrors, rejoins: "Girls are so much easier. Things really don't matter with girls, so long as they're nice and pretty. Now a boy is such a responsibility." This theme, developed in all its social bearings, is illustrated by Evelyn's education and upbringing, her early friendships, her "coming out," her incipient love affairs, her relations with her family, her marriage, &c., till the day when she repeats the same formula, while bending over her infant daughter, "You see—I shouldn't know what to do with a boy. Girls are so much easier." The author cleverly demonstrates how Evelyn never comes into contact with any reality graver than shopping, flirting, and "managing Leonard," her unattractive husband. Quite admirable is the picture of the lack of sympathy between Evelyn and her mother. The whole art of the mother, as Mrs. Baker conceives it, is to keep her daughter free from any "undesirable influence," to keep her shut off from any real insight, emotion, or self-understanding, till she can marry a conventional man, and bring into the world babies who will be brought up in the same style. Everything in the girl's horizon is soon bounded by the twin ideals of "niceness" and smartness. Evelyn has her girlish religious outburst, which Mrs. Baker represses by cutting her off from the society of the proselytising Misses Billings, who has welcomed her to the "Mission." Then the unconventional family of the Gorriges swim into her ken, and are letting a little daylight into her mind, when young Mr. Rosenbaum's premature love-making scares Evelyn back into her orthodox environment. The one rift in her intellectual horizon comes when Evelyn makes the acquaintance of the Cunninghams, an artistic family circle, with the "advanced" modern note. The young people, very superior young people, too, are all kindness and light, and eager interest, but the author's criticism finds them infected by a more insidious variety of unrealities. "We're always talking of experience and of getting things out of life, but we don't ever go near enough to touch it. We're too much afraid that life will get things out of us," says Darcy, the charming young man with whom Evelyn falls in love. The affair does not prosper, and Evelyn succumbs to her mother's manoeuvring, and gets engaged to the young City man, Mr. Day. From this point onwards, the author is at her best. Excellent is the description of the bustling week spent at a French watering-place, and of Leonard's proposal, and Evelyn's acceptance in a moment of sentimental emotion, and equally

clever is the account of the girl's absorption in all the details of house-furnishing and shopping. The first pages of Chapter VII., where the relations of the young married couple are set forth, frame a telling indictment of "the modern woman." At certain stages the story is congested with analysis, but, as a first novel, "The Reward of Virtue" is surprising in its sureness of touch, its satirical depth, and its breadth of outlook.

Were it possible for Miss Rosalind Murray's second novel, "Moonseed," to have changed places with her first, it would probably have received warmer appreciations from critics. "The Leading Note" was so high perfect as a work of art, that it is only natural for its admirers to dwell on its superiority to "Moonseed." It is not easy, at first sight, to say why we lay down the latter with some disappointment, but the story suffers from its over-deliberate, slow start. The atmospheric effects often fail to convey that sense of perfect naturalness which is essential in this particular impressionist method. Things happen, it is true, just as they happen in life; but there is often a touch of dulness in the execution, blurring the fine edges. Take Chapter XIII., for example, where the heroine, Chloe, is told that Claude, whom she loves, has pushed away his friend and let him drown, when their boat was upset, and the two young men were struggling in the water. The divination of the finer shades of psychological truth is at fault here. We want certain things flashed into our consciousness, which the artist seems unable to supply. It is also a nice point whether the continual snapping of the thread of narrative—twenty-five times in the first 125 pages—does not produce a staccato effect that becomes monotonous. Fault-finding apart, the novel is rich in veracious subtleties of characterisation, and in poignantly restrained feeling. The character of the hero, Claude, who combines weakness of fibre along with his eager, charming nature, is admirably conceived; and the English girl, Chloe's, oscillation between periods of moral repulsion, which seem to kill her love, and the few moments of crisis when her passion re-awakens and makes her hunger for Claude, is beautifully drawn. What gets in the way of the whole picture producing a harmonious, strong effect, is the unnecessary minuteness of the descriptions of the Warburton family *ménage* and movements. It is not till Chloe gets the news of Claude's abortive attempt at suicide, and starts for Perugia to nurse and comfort him, that we feel ourselves really launched from the shore, and there are then only a hundred pages to run. The analysis of Chloe's disillusionment, when she discovers that "her love for Claude has melted and slipped through her fingers," and later, that "they are playing at dead things," is most poignant in its force; and her subsequent marriage with M. Matelet, the quiet, kind little French professor, is true to the logical stupidity of life. The best chapter in the book—the last—in which Chloe, walking on the Quais with her little girl, Valerie, meets Claude again, is a perfect artistic triumph. Here Miss Murray has managed so to bruise the bitter herb of Chloe's memories that all the pungency of abortive hopes and things wasted beyond recall seems to assail our consciousness. This last chapter is a vindication of the author's craftsmanship, and makes us look forward with renewed expectations to the ripening of her remarkable talent.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Cathedrals of Central Italy." By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. (Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

WITH the tone and temper of Mr. Bumpus's "Cathedrals of Northern Italy" still in our memory, we confess that we opened this volume with some misgivings, which were far from being dispelled by the introductory chapter descriptive of the tour which the author made for the purpose of studying Central Italy's ecclesiastical architecture. Here we have the English churchman and the ecclesiologist in Mr. Bumpus triumphing very considerably over the writer and architectural student; he appears—once more—to be more shocked by the behavior of Italian congregations, and more critical of the services than concerned with the buildings in which the latter are held. Tales of worshippers conspicuous by their absence, of irreverent priests, and naughty acolytes would be all very well in a book on

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR BOOK FOR XMAS.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY.

From Winchester to Canterbury. By JULIA CART-WRIGHT (Mrs. ADY). With numerous illustrations specially drawn by A. H. HALLAM MURRAY. 15s. net.

NEARLY 300,000 COPIES OF

GENE. STRATTON-PORTER'S

Delightful novel, "FRECKLES," have been sold in England and America. Cheaper Edition. 2s. 6d. net. Full of charm and of most appealing sentiment.

VIOLET JACOB'S NEW NOVEL

"FLEMINGTON." By the author of "The Sheepstealers," "The Interloper," &c. 2nd Impression. 6s.

"The best that Mrs. Jacob has as yet given to the public."
—*Country Life*.

"... if she has not bettered she has at least equalled the exacting standard set in her first novel, 'The Sheepstealers.'"
—*The Spectator*.

CHANTEMERLE: A Novel

by D. K. BROSTER and G. W. TAYLOR. 4th impression. 6s.
"Chantermerle" is rich in the eager spirit of adventure, and its buoyant narrative never flags for an instant. . . . has spaciousness, dignity and a sound faculty for construction."
—*Daily Telegraph*.

MEMOIRS OF A HIGHLAND LADY.

Edited by LADY STRACHEY. A New and Revised Edition. With Illustrations. 6s. net.

The Autobiography of a witty and observant Scotswoman, who lived a hundred years ago. Reminiscences of Coleridge, Scott, and other lights of the time.

LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK,

THE CIRCUMNAVIGATOR. By ARTHUR KITSON. New and Cheaper Edition. With Portrait. 2s. 6d. net.

SPORTSMAN & SCHOLAR.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. By JOHN ANDREW DOYLE. Edited by W. P. KER. Portrait. 8s. net.

SIR EDWARD DURAND'S

SPORTING REMINISCENCES. "RIFLE, ROD AND SPEAR IN THE EAST." With Illustrations. 8s. net.

GUN-RUNNING AND THE

INDIAN NORTH-WEST FRONTIER. By the HON. ARNOLD KEPPEL. With Maps and Illustrations. 9s. net.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY,

THE HISTORY OF, during the Crimean Period. By COLONEL JULIAN JOCELYN, late R.A. With Maps and Illustrations. 21s.

THE CULT OF INCOMPETENCE.

Translated from the French of EMILE FAGUET. 5s. net. This work has attracted widespread attention throughout Europe, and exhibits many of the dominant tendencies of the democracy of the present day.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE DESTITUTE.

THE CHURCH ARMY

will be most grateful for help in providing DINNERS on CHRISTMAS DAY for thousands of poor families who would otherwise spend the festival HUNGRY and COLD; and in giving YULETIDE GLADNESS to hundreds of poor men, women, girls and lads in Labour Homes, Relief Depots, &c.

GIFTS of groceries, materials for dinners, coats, blankets, toys, clothing, boots, &c., or money to buy the same, gladly received by Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W., to whom cheques (crossed "Barclays' a/c Church Army") should be made payable. Gifts may, if desired, be marked for particular Departments.

SPECIAL GIFTS are solicited for the

"ARETHUSA" JACKS AND THE GIRLS' HOMES

for the NATIONAL REFUGES.

Nearly 2,000 "Arethusa" Jacks have been sent into the Royal Navy and over 6,000 into the Merchant Service, and over 3,000 Girls have been trained and sent to Domestic Service.

Patrons—Their MAJESTIES the KING and QUEEN.

President—The EARL of JERSEY, G.C.B.

The National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children.

Founded 1843. Incorporated 1904.

London Office: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Joint Secretaries { HENRY G. COPELAND
H. BRISTOW WALLEN

HERONS COURT

Letter-writing becomes pleasurable when you use Herons Court. Your pen glides easily over its surface with never a scratch or a "spatter." Herons Court is a "laid" paper of excellent quality, good substance, and uniform colour.

HERONS COURT

is made in two tints, Azure and Cream, and can be obtained in four sizes
Albert, Octavo, and Duchess - - 1/- per 5 quires, boxed
Envelopes to match - - - - 1/- per 100, boxed



Large Octavo 1/6 per 5 quires, boxed
Envelopes to match 1/6 per 100, boxed

Your Stationer
can supply you

Samples free from
W. H. SMITH & SON
Wholesale Stationers
Kingsway, London, W.C.



Italian irreligion; but why interpolate them here? However, when the author settles down to the serious consideration of "The Arts subsidiary to Architecture," "The Romanesque," and "The Gothic"—the three sections into which he divides his proper subject—we are able to welcome a change from narrow pedantry to scholarship. But even in his enthusiasms he is unable to shake off his Northern Gothic prepossessions. His occasional surrender to Italian Gothic and Romanesque is nearly always accompanied by some reservation or condescension; if, as in the nave of Genoa Cathedral, he finds a piece of work that pleases him, he attributes it to a French artist. He never lets one forget that he is the Englishman excusing the foreigner, or, at any rate, the Northerner making generous allowances for the inferior being of the South. Certain churches wring from him the admission that "in spite of all their architectural shortcomings, it must be said that in the combination of painting and architecture all other architectural schools were hopelessly distanced by the Italians"; but this appears to be balanced, if not wholly discounted, by the rather dangerous generalisation that the difference between the English and Italian cathedral-makers lay in the fact that the former were good architects but bad painters, and the latter good painters but bad architects. Throughout the book one has the uncomfortable sensation that its author is afraid of jeopardising his well-known devotion to Chartres, Troyes, Rheims, and the English cathedrals by yielding himself to the fascination of the Italian fanes. This is a pity, because on technical points, such as the manufacture of old stained glass and the constructional use of colored stone, there is much that can be read with pleasure and profit, and the facts throughout are sound if their interpretation is unsympathetic.

* * *

Shropshire, Herefordshire and Monmouth." By A. G. BRADLEY. (Constable. 5s. net.)
 Glamorgan and Gower." By A. G. BRADLEY. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRADLEY'S "In the March and Borderland of Wales," which was published in 1905, is, like his "Highways and Byways" volumes, a pleasant record of leisurely wanderings, and when a second edition was called for, it was decided to issue the work in two separate volumes. This has now been done, and the reader who cares to make a visit to either of the two districts described need not encumber himself with more of the book than he actually needs. In its present form the book has an attractive appearance, while Mr. W. M. Meredith's charming illustrations are retained.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. December 8.	Price Friday morning. December 15.
Consols	76 1/8	77 1/8
Midland Deferred	71 1/2	74 1/2
Canadian Pacific	244 1/2	247
Russian Fours	95 1/2	95 1/2
Union Pacific	176 1/2	179 1/2

THE happy achievement of a railway settlement, which seems to remove the possibility of a strike entirely out of the region of practical politics, has had a great effect on the Home Railway Market, and those who bought at preceding low prices have been well rewarded. The upward movement has taken place in spite of dear money and a Bank return which shows the probability of stringency continuing well into January. Berlin is hard up for accommodation, and New York is said to be drawing back its funds from Germany for use at home. The confidence engendered by the railway settlement has also caused a recovery in Consols, which suffered heavily from the Canadian Northern guaranteed issue. It is to be hoped that the recovery will be maintained, and, if possible, improved before the end of the year; for the banks are again faced with the disagreeable and costly necessity of writing down their gilt-edged investments. At present prices I cannot help

thinking that there are great speculative possibilities in the Consol Market; for there is the hope of an arrangement with Germany for limiting naval armaments, and there are also various devices for popularising Consols which may well engage the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer now that his huge Insurance projects have passed through Parliament. Most of these projects, however, are more specious than valuable, because they depend upon the theory that the large investors who are deserting Consols for the sake of higher interest can be attracted back without loss to the public. What is wanted, and what could very easily be done, is to draw in the small investors who in France and other Continental countries are the backbone of national credit. Until small bonds are issued and made obtainable in the Post Offices very little of importance can be achieved. Lord St. Aldwyn and others have pointed out that an excellent opportunity is offered in Irish Land Stock, which is at present issued in large amounts every year and constitutes a serious set off to the beneficial action of the Sinking Fund. Mr. Lloyd George justly claims great credit for the Government in that it has already paid off about seventy-five millions of debt—nearly half the addition made by the Boer War. The Irish Land Stock is not dead weight debt. The interest is paid in rent, and the whole will be paid off automatically by means of a sinking fund in the course of a series of years. But these new issues compete with Consols and other gilt-edged securities, and it would be a splendid thing in every way if so sure and convenient an investment were made available to the tens of thousands of small thrifty farmers in Ireland whose prosperity has been created by the Irish Lands Acts.

TRADE PROSPERITY.

Trade returns and railway traffics prove conclusively that the country is thoroughly prosperous. In fact, we are doing better even than during the boom year of 1907. Lancashire is especially favored. During the last few years the cotton trade has been rebuilding and extending its mills and installing new machinery with a courage and confidence that command admiration. But until now, by thus diminishing cost of production, it has merely been able to beat its competitors. Short crops and dear cotton have from time to time caused short time, even in Lancashire. But this year's American crop is a record. Even the Government's official estimates, which are always below the mark, admit this; and the experts think that the real figure may touch sixteen million bales. This means a cheap and abundant supply for the year, and a good surplus for next year. Lancashire, therefore, is fully employed, and is likely to remain so for a long time to come, so long as the Eastern markets remain reasonably good. In this connection, some of the Manchester merchants are anxious for a more settled state of things in Persia, where a quarter of a million's worth of their goods are now held up, owing to the insecurity of the trade routes and the political dangers threatened by Russia's action. In Europe, apart from Italy, the trade outlook is good; although Germany has lost heavily in beet sugar and potatoes by the drought, her wheat and rye crops are extraordinarily good, and a large quantity of rye is being exported to relieve the Russian famine.

THE SHIPPING BOOM.

Perhaps the best evidence of general trade activity is to be found in the shipping boom, by which Great Britain, owning the best half of the world's mercantile marine, naturally gains the lion's share of advantage. Freight rates have risen all over the world, and coalers especially are just now earning princely profits. One old coal steamer of 2,300 tons, built in 1879, was bought last March for £3,000, and, according to the "Shipping Gazette," she has earned £2,500 since then, and could be sold now for over £5,000! The recent rise in shipping shares is, therefore, quite intelligible, but they must never be regarded as stable investments. There is no immediate prospect, however, of a glut in tonnage. Even the most obsolete vessels are busily employed, and shipbuilding yards are full of contracts. Profits in every branch of the industry have expanded, so that the recent rise in wages and working expenses is amply covered, with a comfortable margin.

LUCILLUM.



Regular users may prefer
the Special Bath Mustard,
one dozen cartons in tin box.

S.H.B. 2205.

"O, what a precious comfort, 'tis to have."
—TIMON OF ATHENS.

After a tiring day, you will
find the greatest comfort in a

Mustard Bath

A hot bath to which is added a
couple of tablespoonfuls or so of
COLMAN'S MUSTARD

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.
KYNOC, LIMITED.
have VACANCIES in their Commercial Departments for a few young
Gentlemen of good education and manners. No premium required.
Term of indentures four years.—Apply, by letter only to the Secretary,
Kynoch, Limited, Witton, Nr. Birmingham.

A RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN. The great demand for accom-
modation has necessitated adding 80 Bedrooms and a Gymnasium. The best
equipped Residential Club in London. Central for City and West-End, Tubes and
'Buses. Splendid Public Rooms, Billiards, Lawn Tennis, Social, recreative, and
intellectual advantages. Terms extremely moderate. Bedrooms, with baths, &c.,
from 7/6 per week. Inspection invited. Illustrated Prospectus free from the
Warden, Bloomsbury House Club, Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.

TYPEWRITING.

TYPEWRITING of all kinds undertaken by lady with wide
business experience. French, German, and Spanish trans. Authors
manuscripts promptly transcribed. "Transcripts," 113, Gower St., W.C.

TOURS.

R.M.S. "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" CRUISES.

£14 14s. BARCELONA, PALMA, GIBRALTAR, TANGIER
ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, SICILY, NAPLES
MARSEILLES.

Also PALESTINE, EGYPT, GREECE, and ADRIATIC CRUISES.

Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

CANARY ISLANDS (Las Palmas).

Union Castle Line Direct Service.

SANTA CATALINA HOTEL (ENGLISH).—Beautiful gardens facing sea
Golf, tennis, croquet, &c. English Church, English physician, and trained nurse.—
The Secretary, CANARY ISLANDS COMPANY (Ltd.), 5, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

£6 16s. 6d.

SKI-ING, SKATING, TOBOGGANNING, etc.
Tours £6 16s. 6d. and upwards.

30 Hotels. 3,000 Beds.

ALPINE SPORTS, LTD.,

5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.; 25, Cannon Street, E.C.;
82, Strand, W.C.; 84b, Piccadilly, W.

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES
for Throat & Voice.

Enulogised in Testimonials from thousands,
including the greatest Preachers, Public
Speakers, Singers, Actors, etc.

Sold in 1/- and 4/8 boxes by all chemists.
All genuine Evans' Pastilles
are marked with a star.

Sole Manufacturers—
EVANS, SONS, LEBRON & WEBB, Ltd.
Liverpool & London.
*Free sample on receipt of penny postage and name
of this paper.*

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so
much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

*Experiments on Human Beings
have proved the body building
power of Borril to be from
10 to 20 times the amount taken*

Borril

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, READING.

Principal: W. M. CHILDS, M.A.

Halls of Residence for Women:
St. Andrew's Hall. St. George's Hostel.

EDUCATION COURSE, SECONDARY DIVISION

(Recognised by the Board of Education and the Cambridge Syndicate.)

Lecturer in Education and Tutor:

Miss GRACE OWEN, B.Sc., Columbia.

A Course of one year's duration, for women students, in preparation for the Cambridge Teacher's Certificate, will begin on January 11th, 1912. The Course includes lectures on the Theory and History of Education by Miss Grace Owen, B.Sc., Professor W. G. de Burgh, M.A., Mr. A. W. P. Wolters, M.A., and Miss Lucy Ashcroft, M.A.; also lectures on Plato's Republic by Professor de Burgh, and short courses on the teaching of special subjects: History (the Principal); English (Professor Edith J. Morley); Geography (Professor H. N. Dickson, M.A., D.Sc.); Science (Professor F. Keeble, M.A., Sc.D.); Mathematics (Miss Ashcroft); and Drawing (Mr. A. W. Seaby). Practice in Teaching is provided in the chief Girl's Schools of the district. The College offers facilities for students wishing to specialise in Gardening, Fine Art, Crafts, or Music.

THREE EXHIBITIONS

open to graduates, and entitling to remission of the tuition fee of £20 for the year's Course, are offered for competition; the last day for receiving entries is January 6th.

Prospectuses and further information may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Reading.

FRANCIS H. WRIGHT, Registrar.

BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, Worcestershire.

Spring Term begins January 19th, for Prospectus apply to the Headmaster,

F. J. R. HENDY, M.A.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL

(Under the Management of the Society of Friends).

Head Master: ARTHUR ROWNTREE, B.A., Certificate of Distinction in the Theory, History, and Practice of Education, Cantab.

For full particulars, apply to the HEAD MASTER, Bootham School, York.

First-Class Modern Commercial
or Classical Education

TETTENHALL
COLLEGE, Staffordshire.

Illustrated
Prospectus(Rugby & Oxford.) R. L. AGER, M.A.,
Headmaster.PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).
Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.) Class. Tripos (Camb.), assisted by Miss M. MENNELL (trained by Madame Osterberg). Prospectus on application.

LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL
(near Reading).

Three Entrance Scholarships open for Competition in February, 1912.

Full particulars on application to the Headmaster.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Spring term commences January 18th. Particulars in Public Schools Year Book, or, more fully from the Bursar.

Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

FOUNDED 1811.

CATERHAM SCHOOL,
SURREY.

Head Master: Mr. ALLAN P. MOTTRAM, B.Sc. (Lond.)
Second Master: Mr. J. H. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.B. (Cantab.)
Large resident Staff including Five University Graduates.

A FREE CHURCH PUBLIC SCHOOL,

Splendid situation on the North Downs.
Thoroughly up-to-date equipment.
Small classes, averaging only 10-15 boys.
Inspection welcomed at any time.
New Term, Thursday, January 18. Fees moderate.

FULL PROSPECTUS on application to the Head Master.

THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Education thoroughly modern; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For Prospectus address: Principal, BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE, E.S.O.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, near South Croydon.

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education to cultivate wide interests and intelligent habits of work. Special encouragement given to leisure pursuits and individual reading. Hockey, Tennis, Swimming, Riding.

Pupils prepared for University.

Full domestic course for senior pupils and external students.

Principals—Miss Theodora E. Clark and Miss K. M. Ellis.

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.)

The LENT TERM BEGINS on JANUARY 13th, 1912. The College prepares Students for the London Degrees in Science and Arts.

TWELVE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, from £50 to £80 a year, and a certain number of Bursaries of not more than £30, tenable for three years, will be offered for COMPETITION in June, 1912.

Inclusive fee £100 a year.

For further particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey.

THE CASE

FOR THE

INSURANCE BILL

BY

G. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.P.

Reprinted from "THE NATION" of December 2nd.

Copies 1d. each post free.

Special reduction for large quantities.



HOTELS & HYDROS

OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Bathrooms on every Floor.
Leagues and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading,
Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Perfect Sanitation. Fireproof Floors. Telephones. Night Porters.

Bedroom Attendance and Table d'Hôte
Breakfast, Single, from 5/6 to 8/-.
Table d'Hôte Dinner, 6 Courses, 3/-

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses: {Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London."
Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."}

LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man.
Direc., 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 70 & 71, Euston Square, W.C.

ABERYSTWYTH.

ABERYSTWYTH HYDRO HOTEL. Finest Winter Residence
in the United Kingdom. Every kind of Bath.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st-Class; moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week.

BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.
THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

BUXTON.

HADDON HALL HYDRO LTD. 'Phone 4. J. Little.

CONWAY.

LARK HILL Boarding Establishment. Unique Situation. (Tel. 186.)

DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

DROITWICH.

WORCESTERSHIRE BRINE BATHS HOTEL.
Write to M. F. Culley for inclusive terms.

EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

SAVOY HOTEL. Most central. Eng. meat Pop. prices. Tel. 412. P. Rogers

GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing Sea.

LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 3 minutes' walk from either station.

LIVERPOOL.

COMPTON HOTEL, Church Street. First-Class.

LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager, J. Wilson.

KNOTSFORD. Supr. apts. elec. light. Prop., C. Bartter. Tel. 183.

PORTLAND PRIVATE HOTEL. Illustrated Tariff. D. Woodman.

MATLOCK.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

The First Nature-Cure in England

(Altitude 500 feet. Pure, bracing and beautiful country).

BROADLANDS, MEDSTEAD, HANTS.

(One Hour and Forty Minutes from Waterloo.)

An Ideal Holiday for tired people, with or without treatment.
Perfect Conditions for Best Cure.

Sun, Air, Water, and Vapour Baths. Sleeping in Air Chalets,
which are heated in Winter. Non-flesh Diet. Physical Culture.

For Illustrated Prospectus apply Manager.

PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

SOUTHPORT.

BOWTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Afternoon Tea. Tel. 647.
KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier & Lord St. Lounge, lift,
120 bedrooms; Turkish, elec., etc., baths. Tel. 80. Wires
"Kenworthy's." Prospectus, Manageress.

SWANSEA.

HOTEL CAMERON. Tel. 921. Garage. Palm Court, Grill,
and electric lift. For terms apply Manager.

TENBY.

BELGRAVE HOTEL, South Shore. Overlooking Golf Links.
Mrs. K. W. Hicks.

WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

WORCESTER.

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St., 1st-Class Temp. Tel. 212.

On Monday, December 4th, a series of articles was
commenced in the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE entitled:—

FOUNDATIONS OF BRITISH POLICY.

These deal with the position of Great Britain in foreign
affairs and form a guide to recent developments of policy.
Further articles appeared on December 6th, 12th, and 13th,
and further articles will be published twice a week.
Back numbers can be obtained from the Publisher, price
1½d. post free.

Subscribe now to the

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, London's Evening Paper.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Offices: Salisbury Square, Fleet St., E.C.

NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for
copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION
PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and crossed "National Provincial
Bank."

Telephones:—Business: Gerrard 4035. Editorial:
Central 4511.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

Single copies of THE NATION may be obtained from,
and subscriptions received by:—

Canada—The Toronto News Co., 42, Yonge Street,
Toronto; The Montreal News Co., 386 and 388,
St. James Street, Montreal.

U.S.A.—The International News Co., 85 and 85, Duane
Street, New York.

Paris—Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli; W. H.
Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, Rue de Rivoli.

Nice—Escoffier's Library, 3, Place Massena.

Stockholm—Norden and Jephson.

Vienna—Mr. William Frick, Graben 27.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The following are among the Authors
contributing to the new volume:

ARNOLD BENNETT.
H. G. WELLS.
HILAIRE BELLOC.
H. W. NEVINSON.
JOSEPH CONRAD.
RUDYARD KIPLING.
THOMAS HARDY.
HENRY VAN DYKE.
MARY E. WILKINS.
W. D. HOWELLS.
MAY SINCLAIR.
MARGARET DELAND.
ALICE BROWN.
HENRY JAMES.
IRVING BACHELLER.
R. LE GALLIENNE.
NORMAN DUNCAN.

XMAS NUMBER

Beginning the new volume.

Now Ready.

Please write for detailed prospectus.

FICTION.

JENNIE GERHARDT.

[2nd Imp.]

THEODORE DREISER, author of "Sister Carrie." 6s.
"Mr. Dreiser is an author who must be reckoned with and never overlooked—a true artist."—*Daily Chronicle*

THE IRON WOMAN.

[4th Imp.]

MARGARET DELAND, author of "Helena Richie." 6s.
"One of the best novels of the year."—*York Post*.
"Moving and impressive."—*The Times*.

CAVANAGH OF KULTANN.

JOAN SUTHERLAND. 6s.

"Full of local colour and tense dramatic action, with characters vividly and powerfully drawn—they breathe the very air of the Indian Frontier."—*The World*.

THE AMBASSADOR OF LOSS.

G. F. ABBOTT, author of "The Philosophy of a Don." 6s.

"A delightful tale, fine in texture and full of delicate surprises."—*Scotsman*.

PADRE IGNACIO.

Illustrated.

OWEN WISTER, author of "Red Men and White." 2s. net.

THE MANSION.

Illustrated.

HENRY VAN DYKE, author of "The Other Wise Man." 2s. net.

THE POWER OF TOLERANCE.

GEORGE HARVEY, Editor of *The North American Review*. 5s. net.

"Includes addresses given to Yale and other Universities, and deals with such subjects as 'Female Suffrage,' 'Journalism and the University,' etc."—*Publishers' Circular*.

CHEMICAL PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.

Prof. R. K. DUNCAN, Author of "Chemistry of Commerce." Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

A suggestive account of the triumphs of modern science and their application to industry.

"Lets us put our eye to the peephole, as it were, into the world's workshop, and shows us a few of the jobs that are waiting till progress gets round to them."—*New York Times*.

SPIRITISM & PSYCHOLOGY.

Th. FLOURNOY (Professor of Psychology, Geneva University). Translated by HERWARD CARRINGTON. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

Reviews the whole field of spirit phenomena in the light of latest scientific research.

"Pre-eminently sane and open-minded."—*Occult Review*.

THE COMEDY AND TRAGEDY OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

ED. LEGGE, author of "Empress Eugenie, 1870-1910." Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

"Much fresh material . . . peculiarly fascinating."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HARPER'S LIBRARY OF LIVING THOUGHT.

Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Leather, 3s. 6d. net.

Latest volumes:—

ANCIENT TYPES OF MAN.

Prof. ARTHUR KEITH, M.D. (Hunterian Professor Royal College of Surgeons). Illustrated.

Traces the existence of man for at least half a million years and describes the various changes his form has undergone.

CHEMICAL PHENOMENA IN LIFE.

Prof. F. CZAPEK, Prague University.

"There is scarcely any question of greater interest than that of protoplasm; Dr. Czapek has succeeded in conveying the problems in clear, unmistakable form."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

Illustrated. Prof. G. ELLIOT SMITH.

"A brilliant little book illuminating the whole history of the human race."—*Manchester Guardian*.

NATURAL CHRISTIANITY.

By Dr. W. FREMANTLE, Dean of Ripon.

"The Dean is equipped by a mind of singular clearness and fairness. Humanity is shown to be marching towards righteousness."—*Westminster Gazette*.

REVOLUTIONS OF CIVILISATION.

Illustrated. By Prof. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

"Of great value and absorbing interest. It outlines the nature of the factors that have moulded human history and will mould it again in the future."—*Sunday Times*.

BIRTH OF WORLDS AND SYSTEMS.

Illustrated. By Prof. A. W. BICKERTON.

"Fascinates the imagination and spurs the intellect."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Interesting and stimulating."—*Athenaeum*.

Please write for prospectus of this series.

A beautifully illustrated list of the season's new books will be sent post free on application to:—

HARPER & BROTHERS, 45, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1911.

l.

E.
ican

and
the

OF

erree."

ee and

world's
ing till

GY.

Uni-
TON.

light

-1910.

-Daily

RY

T.

u.

N.

Royal

n years

IN

that of
lems in

NS.

of the

Y.

ess and
usiness."
Gazette.

SA-

RIE.

he nature
mould it

AND

,"—Daily

W.

ouse, London
MBER 18, 1910